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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1928.

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## THE AIR HERO OF THE HOUR: CAPTAIN BERT HINKLER, WHO FLEW ALONE FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA.

Captain Bert Hinkler has made history with his record flight, single-handed in a light aeroplane, from London to Australia, within sixteen days. Leaving Croydon on February 7, he reached Port Darwin on the 22nd and his native town of Bundaberg, in Queensland, on the 27th. The direct route distance to Australia is about 10,400 miles, but the actual distance flown was probably nearer 12,000 miles. Further particulars of the flight, the machine, and the engine, with details of

the airman's career, are given on an illustrated double-page in this number. It will be remembered that on the way from Port Darwin to Bundaberg Captain Hinkler, through bad weather, had to make a forced landing at a remote spot, and for awhile was reported missing. Describing this experience afterwards, he said that he came down near a windmill, and the first people he saw on landing were some aborigines, who could only speak imperfect English, but told him his position.









By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most interesting object in the social landscape is the thing that is not there. To anybody who appreciates history, the most historic event of the hour is the event that is not taking place; for if it does not take place now, it is all the more certain to take place at some later stage of reaction. The thing that has gone out of sight—that is the thing that a wise man will always keep in mind. For when some normal thing is neglected, and remains in a negative condition for too long a time, we may be certain that sooner or later that particular thing will reappear, always very fresh, and sometimes very fierce. A social system is always destroyed by the thing that it does not understand—the thing that it has too long left out of account. So the pride of the pagan Empire perished because it did not understand Humility; so the last rigidity of mediævalism was broken up because it did not understand Humanism. It is well, therefore, to look at the landscape of to-day, not so much thinking of the thousand things that are crowded into it, but trying to think what is the thing that is absent. For that is the thing that will return and revolutionise the world.

There is one small application of this truth that affects many recent political debates. We have heard a great deal of the reconciliation or reconstruction or re-emergence of the Liberal Party. If I were a real responsible person, the sort of person who can be taken seriously in politics, I should hesitate to touch on this theme. I should be afraid of saying the wrong thing about the Right Honourable Member for Mudville, or prejudicing the party's chances at the by-election at Little Pigsbury. But, being surrounded by that sanctity and immunity that has always belonged to the idiot, or irresponsible private person, I feel I can say what I feel about the politicians, as the Fool in the old Court could say what he felt about the King. I am not standing for Parliament; nor do I very much care who is elected to Parliament, so long as I am not. Imbecile and incompetent as have been most of the commercial men appointed as Controllers and Directors, no politician would go quite so far as to put me to manage the trade with the South American Republics or the traffic in the Strand. Nothing that I can say will make any difference one way or the other to the reconstruction of the great Liberal Party. It is such a very long time since I was a really good Liberal, following my leaders; and the only Liberal leader I could even imagine myself as following died the other day.

So I am driven back on an entirely detached and irresponsible position, looking on all that world of liberty like a landscape, and noting especially what is not there. And I hasten to say that my criticism can be at once dismissed, being not only academic, but decidedly antiquarian. I have a senile interest in the beginnings of things—in quaint questionings about why things exist, and whence they came, and what they were really supposed to be. I admit that

a bungalow may be made out of a railway carriage, but I am not content that all mankind should live in railway carriages without ever having heard of railways. I admit that the hat that was made for a man may end on a scarecrow, but I never can concentrate properly on the fashions for scarecrows, without some sort of backward glance at the philosophy of clothes for men. And when I look at Liberalism, or preferably at Liberty, I never can avoid the same sort of backward glance at the philosophy of the first Libertarians. I ask myself what the men who brought this ideal into the world really imagined they were bringing, and what it was for which so many of them strove and starved and died on the scaffold or the barricade or the battlefield? And I think their real ideal is very much misunderstood to-day, especially by those who believe in it. Some say that every Liberal is continually engaged in adding something to Liberalism. It seems to me that most modern Liberals have been largely occupied in taking something away. But there seems to me

of stage property, though the age of revolution was really crowded with dramatic actions of exactly the same kind. Because of this modern blindness, I shall probably be misunderstood, and even derided, if I say that most modern Liberals need to go back and study the old orators and poets of Liberty. They will find that those great men had other ideals besides Liberty, and especially ideals that balanced and corrected the ideal of Liberty. And I would very specially and seriously draw their attention to one, which might well be described, to their grave astonishment, as the ideal of Poverty.

The sort of sentiment I want the politicians to study, not without tears, took some such form as this: "Beware of Luxury, the eternal enemy of Liberty." The old friends of freedom never tired of insisting, in what seems to some a turgid and florid manner, on the necessity of simplicity in the life of a champion of the people. The pleasures of the court were for the courtier. The tribune must

know nothing between the field and the forum. Or, as they translated it into the language of their own time, the poet or pamphleteer of freedom must live between the garret and the market-place. In talking of these things, they did sometimes indulge in merely conventional idealisation. They did sometimes rant; they did not so often cant. They did not certainly cant so monotonously as a later generation has canted about scientific truth and practical politics. But they did sometimes lose themselves in words and talk nonsense. They sometimes talked very nearly as much nonsense about Liberty as we do about Efficiency and Evolution. But do not let us altogether forget that they had another ideal also, which was designed to purify the Liberal idea, and prevent it

from being merely the idea of "a man doing as he likes." And, without that antiseptic of a stoical simplicity, the mere idea of freedom rots into corruption and crawls with worms.

Now that is the one notion we never hear mentioned to-day. A week or two ago a daily paper blazoned in broad headlines the complaint that politicians were not paid big enough salaries, innocently adding that, if they did not get more "glittering prizes," they would go off and find them by cornering rubber or doing a straddle in wheat. It was assumed that the man who wants to be a Minister must be the same sort as the man who wants to be a millionaire. If he could not become a millionaire by serving the people, he would try to become one by serving the nearest pawnbroker or pork-butcher who might give him a lift to a larger fortune. When the Press has got so far as talking like that, it is the proof that one truth, vivid to every friend of freedom a hundred years ago, has now become a blind spot on the brain. It is no longer Liberty against Luxury, but Liberty for the sake of Luxury. The result is a corruption that eats out the heart of representative government.



THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE "HEAVY" SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT BIRMINGHAM: THEIR MAJESTIES ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CASTLE BROMWICH—THE QUEEN TALKING TO SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

As we noted in our issue of last week, when illustrating the London Section of the British Industries Fair, the King and Queen visited the White City on the second day. On the Thursday, their Majesties went to the Birmingham Section at Castle Bromwich to see the Heavy Industries not represented in London. It was obviously impossible for them to inspect every exhibit, for the stand-frontage extends to very nearly nine miles; but they saw a great deal for all that, and they were, of course, much interested.

to be one primary principle that has entirely disappeared from sight; and it is that which I see most clearly, because it is not there to be seen.

It is now the fashion to sneer at the rhetoric of what may be called the Byronic period—the Revolution and the Romantic Movement. Indeed, by an extreme of unreason, it is thought a quite sufficient sneer at rhetoric to call it rhetorical. It is every bit as silly as the attempt to sneer at logic merely because it is logical. You do not get rid of the burning, artistic truth of Demosthenes or Danton, or any other orator, merely by calling him oratorical, any more than you get rid of a musician by calling him musical. All the arts require a certain amount of artifice. All the arts convey a vast amount of truth. But the rhetoric of the Revolutionary and Romantic period is now at a curious disadvantage, by which its artifice is perceived and its truth is hidden. The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed is now regarded as a sort of Early Victorian musical-box, in which the music has not got any soul. The harp which the Minstrel Boy tore asunder, lest it should fall into the hands of tyrants, is in some strange way regarded as a sort



# THE ARCH AND DOME DATED BACK TO 3500 B.C., AT UR: NEW LIGHT ON ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN AN AGE OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.



A BULL'S HEAD FROM A KING'S TOMB AT UR: THE COPPER HEAD OF A WOODEN STATUE FOUND ABOVE BODIES OF ELEVEN WOMEN SLAIN AT HIS BURIAL.



THE LID OF A SILVER TOILET-BOX DECORATED WITH INLAY OF SHELL AND LAPIS LAZULI: ONE OF THE TREASURES OF QUEEN SHUB-AD IN HER TOMB AT UR.



THE HEAD OF A BULL IN SILVER: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS ORNAMENTS—ABOUT 150 IN ALL—IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN SHUB-AD AT UR.



A DISCOVERY DATING BACK THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ARCH FROM THE THIRD TO THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.: A BRICKED-UP ARCHED DOORWAY FOUND AT UR: AND PART OF THE ROOF VAULT.



"FOR THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE THIS DISCOVERY IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE": THE ARCH AND APSIDAL END OF THE PLUNDERED TOMB OF A KING—THE ARCH AND DOME PROVED FAMILIAR TO SUMERIAN BUILDERS 5000 YEARS AGO.



WHEELS OF ONE OF THE TWO FOUR-WHEELED WOODEN WAGONS IN THE KING'S TOMB: 5000-YEAR-OLD VEHICLES WHOSE TIMBER HAD PERISHED AND DISAPPEARED, BUT HAD LEFT IMPRESSIONS WHICH SHOWED THEIR STRUCTURE.



"EACH WAGON WAS DRAWN BY THREE OXEN, WHOSE SKELETONS LAY AT THE RAMP'S FOOT": ONE OF THESE ANIMALS FOUND, WITH THEIR DRIVERS AND GROOMS, AMID A "SHAMBLES" OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Mr. C. Leonard Woolley has recently made further great discoveries in royal graves at Ur, in succession to those illustrated in our issues of December 17 and January 21 last. Describing (in the "Times") the excavation of a large pit, he writes: "A sloping ramp led down into the pit, and on the slope lay the bodies of six soldiers killed in their places, to remain as warders of the tomb. Two lumbering four-wheeled wagons stood at the end of the pit. Of the wood little more survived than a stain in the soil, but we could trace and even photograph the solid wheels with their leather tires. Each wagon was drawn by three oxen, whose skeletons lay stretched at the ramp's foot; the grooms lay dead by the heads of the oxen, the drivers across the seats of the wagons. The rest of the grave area was literally a shambles. In the narrow space were strewn fifty bodies of those sacrificed to the spirit of their dead master. Along one

side were men; against the foot of the tomb lay the chief ladies of the harem, eleven of them wearing what must have been full court regalia. Over their fallen bodies had been placed two statues of bulls; both were of wood, which has perished, with metal heads. One head is of copper with inlaid eyes; the second is of gold. In the stone wall there was a doorway, bricked up, crowned by a true arch of baked bricks; the tomb chamber was vaulted with arches, and the end, brought round to apsidal form, was roofed with a half-dome. For the history of architecture this discovery is of the greatest importance. At Nippur the American excavators found a drain dating back to early in the third millennium B.C., roofed with a crudely fashioned brick arch. Now we know that in the fourth millennium corbel vaulting, the true arch, and the dome were all familiar to the Sumerian builder."



# THE JEWELS OF QUEEN SHUB-AD: ANOTHER GREAT DISCOVERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION



A FLUTED GOLD BOWL AND A GOLD STRAINER: PART OF THE RICH TREASURE FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN SHUB-AD AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, THE CITY OF ABRAHAM, DATING FROM ABOUT 3500 B.C.



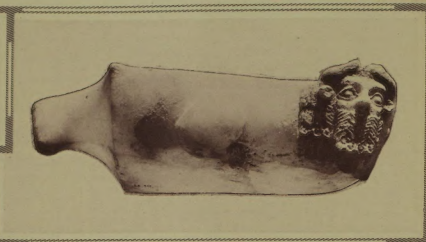
AMULETS FROM QUEEN SHUB-AD'S BEADED CLOAK: (TOP) GOLD ANTELOPES, A GOLD ROSETTE WITH LAPIS INLAY, AND A LAPIS CALF; (SECOND ROW) GOLD RINGS, ONE (RIGHT) WITH LAPIS INLAY; (THIRD ROW) FISH IN LAPIS AND GOLD.



THREE VASES OF LAPIS LAZULI AND STEATITE: REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF SUMERIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM BEFORE CHRIST.



TWO PLAIN GOLD BOWLS FROM THE TOMB OF QUEEN SHUB-AD RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT UR; VESSELS SHOWING THE EXQUISITE SENSE OF FORM POSSESSED BY THE ANCIENT SUMERIAN CRAFTSMEN.



AN ALABASTER LAMP DECORATED WITH A FINELY CARVED HEAD: ONE OF OVER THIRTY VESSELS IN THAT MATERIAL, OR IN STEATITE, FOUND IN THE QUEEN'S TOMB.



"PAIRS OF LITTLE ANIMALS—STAGS AND RAMS, ANTELOPES, AND BEARDED BULLS": ORNAMENTS FROM QUEEN SHUB-AD'S SECOND CROWN—"ADMIRABLE EXAMPLES OF MINIATURE SCULPTURE."



"HER HEAD-DRESS, WORN OVER A GREAT WIG, WAS A MARVELLOUS SIGHT AS IT WAS LABORIOUSLY DISENGAGED FROM STONES AND EARTH": QUEEN SHUB-AD'S CROWN IN SITU, WITH OTHER OBJECTS.

Among the remarkable new discoveries made at Ur by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, one of the most important was that of a queen's tomb, intact and full of a rich treasure. Describing it recently (in the "Times") he says: "At one end of the chamber were piled the offerings, once set on wooden shelves, now fallen in heaps on the ground and covered with wreckage; at the other end, on a wooden bier at the head and foot of which were crouched the bodies of attendants, lay the bones of the Queen Shub-ad. Her head-dress, worn originally over a great wig, was a marvellous sight as it was laboriously disengaged from stones and earth. Coil after coil of broad gold ribbon surrounded the hair; above these, across the forehead, ran a frontlet of lapis and carnelian beads from which hung heavy rings of gold; higher up was a wreath of big gold mulberry leaves hanging from another string of beads, and above this another wreath of leaves like willow-leaves, with large gold flowers between, their petals inlaid with lapis and white shell. Under the edge of the ribbons hung enormous gold ear-rings; towering over the top of the head was a golden ornament like a Spanish comb, shaped like a hand with seven fingers, each finger

# AT UR—WONDERFUL GOLDSMITH'S WORK 5000 YEARS OLD.

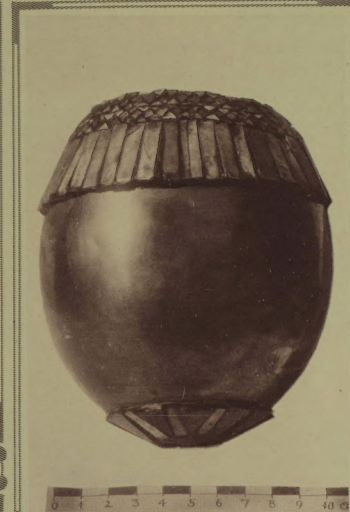
OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM TO MESOPOTAMIA.



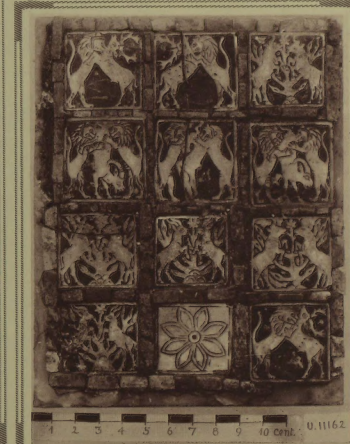
GOLD ORNAMENTS FROM QUEEN SHUB-AD'S SECOND CROWN: "CONVENTIONAL PALMETTES AND FLOWERS, EARS OF CORN, CLUSTERS OF POMEGRANATES... THE FRUIT AND LEAVES RENDERED WITH ABSOLUTE REALISM."



THE QUEEN'S GOLD HAIR-ORNAMENT, WORN ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD: AN OBJECT RESEMBLING "A SPANISH COMB, SHAPED LIKE A HAND WITH SEVEN FINGERS, EACH ENDING IN A GOLDEN FLOWER."



A GOLD OSTRICH EGG, WITH COLOURED INCrustATIONS AT EACH END: A STRIKING OBJECT AMONG THE MASS OF ORNAMENTS FOUND AT UR.



"A GAMING-BOARD SET IN SILVER WITH SQUARES OF SHELL-PLAQUES ENGRAVED WITH ANIMAL SCENES, IN RED AND BLACK": A 600-YEAR-OLD PROTOTYPE OF THE CHESS-BOARD.

ending in a golden flower. The cloak was fastened on the right shoulder with three gold pins with lapis heads, and by the fastening were worn amulets—two gold fish and one of lapis, a lapis figure of a reclining calf, and a little group in gold of two antelopes. By the side of the bier was a second crown. Against a background of minute gold and lapis beads sewn on to a leather fillet were gold ornaments of a remarkable sort: besides conventional palmettes and flowers there were ears of corn, clusters of pomegranates, the fruit and leaves rendered with absolute realism, and pairs of little animals, stags and rams, antelopes and bearded bulls. The tomb produced three gold bowls, two of them plain, one decorated with fluting and engraved patterns; a gold strainer, a pair of cockleshells in gold and another in silver, containing toilet paints; ten gold finger-rings, more ear-rings, quantities of beads, a set of eighteen fluted silver tumblers, many silver bowls, two of them fitted with drinking-tubes of gold and of lapis lazuli; the head of a bull in silver, silver lamps, thirty or more vases of alabaster and steatite, a copper brazier supported on bulls' feet, and a mass of copper vessels, about 150 objects in all."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "THE CONSTANT NYMPH," AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.

MARGARET KENNEDY'S famous novel was, in its original form, so nearly a perfect thing that to lift its story from the written page seemed not only an unwarrantable, but also a foolhardy undertaking. How, one wondered, could the impulsive actions of such impulsive people as the Sanger family and that erratic musical genius, Lewis Dodd, carry conviction unless they were justified by all the delicate insight, the sensitive understanding of human nature, carefully developed between the covers of a lengthy book? Yet Miss Kennedy and Mr. Basil Dean together reduced that book to dramatic form, to the infinite delight of thousands. The success of the play is too recent to need any comment. Though some of the elements that went to the making of the novel's irresistible charm had disappeared, the spoken word stepped in to establish the psychology of these unusual people. The next step in the triumphal march of "The Constant Nymph" brought it inevitably to the screen, where it comes to us as sheer story—a conflict of personalities rather than of minds: and perhaps the most surprising part about this surprising achievement is that, as a story moving steadily towards its climax, with, literally, not much time to waste on psychological side-lights, it should prove so thoroughly interesting. Thinking back on it later, I ask myself why the dominating Florence should have been brushed aside so easily, almost casually, for the gentle and rather docile little Tessa? Or why one should have extended a moment's sympathy to the very ill-mannered and entirely selfish Dodd? I find, indeed, a score of "whys" confronting me; yet, at the moment, none of them stood in the way of complete enjoyment. For one thing, Mr. Basil Dean's genius for casting has made the Sanger family, known to the musical world as "Sanger's Circus," actually come to life before our eyes. For another, Mr. Adrian Brunel, who directed the film in conjunction with Mr. Dean, has an extraordinary eye for the telling pose, the valuable background. Nothing could have been better than our first glimpse of Tessa on the hill-tops, a little wind-blown figure, arms flung to heaven in a very ecstasy of living. What a contrast to the final forlorn figure in its sober school uniform! And Lewis Dodd scenting the song of the mountains on the breeze, answering to some inspiring god unheard by lesser ears, is a very different man from the bad-tempered individual whose lack of self-control ruined his wife's genteel musical party. If only she could have forgotten her gentility and boxed his ears for him, by the way, she would have saved her happiness. And therein lies the tragedy.

To give us contrasts such as these, to create atmosphere with so sure a hand, be it of the overwhelming Tyrolean Alps or of the suffocating Chiswick drawing-room, therein lies the power of the fine producer.

It is perhaps natural that the earlier chapters of Tessa's love-story, with their majestic background and their changing moods of sunshine and shadow, should have lent themselves most happily to pictorial treatment. Here the film has an immense advantage over the play, in that it retains the character of Sanger himself, that great and tragic figure, radiating genius of which each member of the family circle catches some reflecting rays. Though his brief incursion into the story soon ends in death, Sanger seems to explain the whole situation up in the Karindehütte. Furthermore, from the purely pictorial point of view—a very important one, after all—the *Waldfest* proves a decided asset, and the most has been made of a picturesque opportunity. The only real pictorial chance of the later chapters came with Lewis Dodd's orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall. And here I felt the first, perhaps the only, descent from the remarkably high level of production. The scenes in the concert-hall seemed lacking in some quality of distinction, even of space. Treated more imaginatively, less definitely stated, seen à la Murnau at some curious angle, we should have gained in atmosphere what we lost in realism. We were not made to realise the bigness either of

the brightest stars. Mr. Ivor Novello, except for the short interlude on the conductor's platform, dons the difficult character of Lewis Dodd so completely that we accept the egotistical genius of the man with as little protest as did the adoring Tessa. Miss Frances Doble manages to win some sympathy—too much, indeed, for our peace of mind—in the part of the unyielding Florence. Her catastrophic party gains much of its humour from a brilliant little character-sketch of a drawing-room singer contributed by an unnamed artist in whom, however, I recognised Miss Elsa Lanchester. Space forbids the separate mention of every member of the company, though they all add to the value of a very fine and very finished piece of work—another milestone in the progress of British films.

### "TYPE-CASTING."

A recent report concerning the combing-out of shops and offices for the unsuspected film-stars of the future has aroused a good deal of comment. A representative of a well-known picture-producing company has been deputed to scrutinise the faces behind counters and typewriting machines, to note the perfect profile bending over the haberdashery counter,

or the pretty eyebrows frowning at a difficult addition. This peaceful head-hunter pursued his search from bargain basement to restaurant-floors, from Tube stations to City offices, from dancing-palaces to East End factories, ever on the track of the ideal screen-face and the useful "type." Having encountered a promising personality, a brief conversation would ensue, and if the owner of the interesting face evinced any interest in the matter, a photograph would change hands. Thus at the end of a week's hunting, a whole collection of heads was available for the judgment of the film-producer whose enterprise inspired the campaign—namely, Mr. Sinclair Hill. After a further whittling down of "possibles," the usual screen-test would follow, and finally an offer of parts in a forthcoming film-production.

It is quite likely that such a campaign will reveal unsuspected talent, perhaps even genius. But, on the face of it, one might have supposed that such talent, such genius even, is more likely to lurk amongst the hundreds of young actors and actresses waiting and hoping for a chance to make good in a field which is legitimately theirs. For the pretty young girls and the nice-looking young men required to fill the ordinary juvenile rôles, a producer need scarcely look further than the ranks of the stage and screen aspirants. Mr. Sinclair Hill, in a letter explaining the purposes of his new policy, says that it is easier to hold a survey of faces by a pilgrimage through London than to select amongst the thousands who apply for an interview. That seems a pity, since of those thousands the majority are seeking a stage career, and are not already established in another profession.

But it is a very different matter when you come to character-parts. Mr. Hill points out that American

(Continued on page 366.)



A GERMAN BEAUTY COMPETITION FOR "FILM-STRUCK" WOMEN THAT ATTRACTED THREE THOUSAND APPLICANTS: THE ORDEAL OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER ARC LAMPS, IN THE ALBERTHALLE AT LEIPZIG, CONVERTED INTO A FILM STUDIO FOR THE OCCASION.

"In these days," says a German writer, "when women are determined to be independent and to find suitable professions, none seems to have such a fascination for them as that of film 'star.' If they are in any way good-looking, they think their fortunes will be made on the films, without realising how arduous a profession it is. The Ufa Company recently organised a beauty prize competition in the Alberthalle in Leipzig. For this there were more than 3000 applications, and it took the company days to sort out the more likely candidates, who had then to bear the fire of criticism and face the ordeal of being photographed under arc lamps."

the Hall itself or of the occasion. Nor did Mr. Ivor Novello suggest, in his conducting, the *panache* of the great composer. The whole thing suffered from being a little too circumscribed. That is but a passing regret for a lost opportunity, for hard on the heels of the concert comes the final flight of Tessa and Lewis Dodd in their ill-fated bid for freedom. The rapid, exhausting journey, its harassing details, its culmination in a sordid lodging-house, and Tessa's swift release from all earthly woes, are handled in a masterly fashion.

In her death-scene, Miss Mabel Poulton strikes the last lovely note of a performance that is an exquisite harmony from beginning to end. By her Tessa, Miss Poulton stands revealed as a screen-actress of genius. Not one false move, not one unnecessary gesture to mar her tender, elusive, yet warmly human portrait. If Miss Poulton will only cling to her present most eloquent simplicity, nor let one mannerism invade it, she will shine triumphantly amongst



## NATURE AS "THE SOWER": REMARKABLE DEVICES FOR SEED-DISTRIBUTION.

FROM A FILM IN BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL'S "SECRETS OF NATURE" SERIES.



THE BURDOCK USES THE CLINGING HOOKS ON ITS SEED-CASE TO GET A FREE RIDE ON THE SLEEVE OF A PASSER-BY.



ECBALLIUM'S SEED-CASE ACTS AS A HYDRAULIC GUN, AND SHOOTS OUT THE SEEDS OVER A RANGE OF THIRTY FEET.



THE THISTLE'S "BOMB-DROPPING" METHOD: THE SEED-CASE, STRIKING A TREE, SHOOTS THE SEED DOWNWARD WITH ITS ELASTIC CENTRAL RING.



A YOUNG STONE-CROP BOUNCING DOWN A MOUNTAIN, WITH A LEAF FROM THE PARENT PLANT ACTING AS AN AIR-CUSHION, THUS GIVING IT A BETTER CHANCE OF FINDING A SATISFACTORY HOME.



THE YOUNG STONE-CROP, HAVING SETTLED IN A SAFE CREVICE, BEGINS TO GROW AND DRAWS ON THE OLD LEAF, WHICH ASSISTED ITS FLIGHT, FOR A WATER-SUPPLY.



THE DELICATE SEED-CASE OF THE GOAT'S BEARD, FORMED LIKE A PARACHUTE, WHICH CONTRACTS AND EXPANDS WITH MOISTURE AND WARMTH.



IF THE GOAT'S BEARD SEED-CASE STRIKES AN UNSATISFACTORY SPOT, THE ALTERNATE ACTIONS OF SUN AND DEW, OPENING AND CLOSING THE PARACHUTE, ENABLE IT TO SHUFFLE ALONG THE GROUND TILL IT FINDS A SUITABLE PLACE.



"Plants," writes Miss Mary Field, "usually produce so many seeds that, if they were all dropped round the parent-stem, they would choke each other. Nature has, therefore, devised various ingenious ways of getting the seed-cases distributed. The Burdock seed-case, for instance, is armed with clinging hooks, and attaches itself to beast or man who happens to pass by. . . . The thick leaves of the Stone-crop drop off with a tiny young plant attached, and, acting as air-cushions, they bounce down the mountain side, reaching crannies that could not be attained by a straight fall. The thick leaf is valuable also as a water-reservoir for the baby Stone-crop. Ecballium has a seed-case that acts

like a hydraulic gun and has a range of thirty feet. The thistle prefers bomb-dropping. Its seed-case has an elastic ring in the centre into which a projection on the seed fits. When in its flight the seed-case strikes any substance, the contraction of the ring shoots the seed downwards. The Goat's-Beard employs aerial transport, its seed-case being a parachute which opens to sunshine and closes with dampness. In sailing over a damp spot, suitable for the seed to grow in, the parachute closes and sinks to earth. If, however, it strikes an unsatisfactory spot, the alternate actions of sun and dew, opening and closing the parachute, enable it to shuffle along the ground till the seed finds a suitable place."



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG the literary phenomena of our time is the vogue of "brighter history," which is probably a result of the "brighter journalism" introduced by Lord Northcliffe. But there is more than one new way of writing history, just as there are "nine and forty ways of constructing tribal lays." There is, for example, the Guedallan way of wit, and the Wellsian way of outline. With these I am not now concerned, but rather



AUTHOR OF A REMARKABLE NEW NOVEL, "HANGING JOHNNY": MISS MYRTLE JOHNSTON.

Miss Myrtle Johnston, whose novel, "Hanging Johnny," has just been issued by Mr. John Murray, belongs, like Miss Bradda Field (whose portrait is seen below), to the rising generation of young writers who are making their mark in fiction.

with what may be called the journalistic way, which, as a journalist, I do not consider a term of disparagement.

Of such a kind is "THIS GENERATION." A History of Great Britain and Ireland from 1900 to 1926. By Thomas Cox Meech. Vol. II. 1914-26. Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). Not having seen the first volume, I can make no retrospective comparisons, but the author himself repeats from his original preface the statement that his book is intended for "people of all ages and in every walk of life," and not for readers "who have already obtained their facts elsewhere." It is also based on the principle that "history should not be a series of general deductions and profound judgments, but a record of events as they happen, and a realistic portrayal of the actual life of the community as lived by normal people." These aims, it seems to me, have been carried out with conspicuous success, and we have here a plain, concise narrative, in the brisk style of the modern Press, enlivened by extracts from speeches, articles, letters, and snatches of dialogue from Parliamentary debates. While, as might be expected, the War and its after-effects—political and economic—bulk largest in the story, the author touches incidentally on every side of the national life, including various forms of art and sport.

Especially interesting just now are the many allusions to Lord Oxford, the evolution of Liberalism, and the re-orientation of political parties. We are reminded that, when Labour came into power in 1924, Mr. Asquith (as he then was) allayed the prevalent anxiety: "Just think," he said, "how often this country, in the imagination of men of weak knees and little faith, has been on the verge of ruin. . . . I, having seen and survived some of these successive shocks, decline altogether to believe that the sun is going to set on the power and prosperity of Great Britain on the evening of the day when my honourable friend, the Leader of the Labour Party, takes his seat on the Treasury Bench." Some of the public tributes paid to Lord Oxford when he resigned the Liberal leadership, two years ago, were very similar to those lately called forth by his death, and he was described as "the only surviving link with the days of Gladstonian Liberalism."

References to the late statesman occur also in an entertaining book of legal and political reminiscences entitled "THE OTHER BUNDLE." By Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. With eighteen illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.), a companion volume to the same author's "Letters to Isabel." Lord Shaw has given us a delightful medley of anecdotes, adventures, and philosophical reflections—his mood ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Particularly notable are his remarks on America and American literature and the future of Ireland. In Dublin he himself had a narrow escape, in 1922, when presiding over a Royal Commission whose deliberations were interrupted by the bombardment of the Four Courts. His earlier memories, of practice at the Bar, include a famous

Edinburgh murder trial in 1878—that of Eugène Chantrelle for wife-poisoning—which might have been mentioned in my last week's article on books concerned with crime and criminology.

Asking why in earlier days—twenty or thirty years ago—the old Liberal Party, despite dissensions, did not go to pieces, Lord Shaw finds "that the reason of their underlying unity was in the region of the heart." Among other instances he gives a letter from Mr. Asquith in 1901 saying: "Such differences as there may have been between you and me have not only never interfered in the least with our personal friendship, but have not shaken the faith of either of us in the staunch and solid Liberalism of the other." Having referred also to Lords Rosebery, Morley, and Haldane, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the author adds: "I have cited the actions and quoted the words of five of the greatest public men of my time. No bitterness, no pettiness, with them; but magnanimity—And courtesy the habit of the heart."

The need of liberal ideas in another profession is among the conclusions that emerge from an autobiography which, I think, may properly be called unique, namely, "LEAVES FROM MY LIFE." By Sir Herbert A. Barker. With sixteen illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.). Here the famous bone-setter, who three years ago retired to bask in the sun of Italy, unfolds the tale of his singular career—his aspirations, disappointments, and remarkable successes—and with it reveals a personality at once combative and affectionate. Naturally the work is controversial, especially in all that relates to Dr. Axham, his anaesthetist, whose vain struggle for restoration to the Medical Register is within recent memory. But the author's main object has been to promote the future interests of "bloodless surgery," and he hopes his book may help to secure for manipulative methods a central hospital and a permanent place in the curriculum of every surgical school. Taking up the cudgels on Sir Herbert's behalf, the *Times* said, in 1912: "In the public interest we should like to see a more liberal spirit in a profession which rightly enjoys great privileges."

Apart from its polemical side, Sir Herbert Barker's book contains much to attract the general reader, including pleasant descriptions of travel, and records of friendships with such men as Augustus John or the late W. T. Stead. Not the least interesting are the early chapters, with reminiscences of his childhood, his parents, and his school-days at Kirkby Lonsdale, where on one occasion he ran away, only to be captured and "severely punished." This allusion brings me to a book that will doubtless evoke schoolboy memories for many of its readers—namely, "BLUNDELL'S." A Short History of a Famous West Country School. By F. J. Snell. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.). Among such readers will be Mr. J. C. Squire, to whom the author applies Thomas Hardy's description of a character in "A Pair of Blue Eyes": "He is really a literary man of some eminence, and not altogether a reviewer. He writes things of a higher class than reviews, though he reviews a book occasionally."

The most famous *alumni* of Blundell's in an earlier day were R. D. Blackmore and Archbishop Temple, who, when the author of "Lorna Doone" was his fag, used "to strike poor Richard on the head with a brass-headed hammer." It is hardly surprising that Blackmore "detested Temple, not only then, but always." But Time had his revenges, for "while the hundredth anniversary of Temple's birth was allowed to pass without any sort of recognition, that of Blackmore was celebrated with an outburst of fervour. . . . In 'Lorna Doone' he had erected for himself a monument more enduring than brass."

The founder of Blundell's is called by the author "a second Dick Whittington," for there is a similar tradition of lowly birth and a journey to London, and Mr. Snell, pursuing the comparison, writes: "Peter Blundell, to be sure, was never Lord Mayor of London. . . . But that is not the point. The founder of the City of London School, where Lord Oxford and Asquith—to name but one famous pupil—received his early education, was the Town Clerk, John Carpenter, but . . . the funds were supplied by Sir Richard Whittington, whose benefactions were on the same princely scale as those of Peter Blundell. . . . Whittington was a member of the same Worshipful Company as Blundell—the Mercers—he lived to about the same age, and was buried in the same church of St. Michael de Paternoster."

Mention of a book associated with the novelist of Exmoor leads me to a neighbour province of the literary realm. The land of tors is recalled to memory, at the moment, by the appearance of six more volumes of the beautiful "Widcombe" edition of Eden Phillpotts's Dartmoor novels—namely, "MISER'S MONEY," "THE SECRET WOMAN," "ORPHAN DINAH," "THE PORTREEVE," "SONS OF THE MORNING," and "THE BEACON" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. each). These are Vols. XI. to XVI. inclusive in a set of twenty, so there are only four more to come to complete the set. Each volume has for frontispiece a charming picture of typical Dartmoor scenery, while print and binding are all that could be desired. The time has passed when the author stood in need of a reviewer's helping hand, as suggested by an irreverent poet of the last century:—

The voice that breathed o'er Eden  
In Athenæum bowers  
Said, "Pray be kind to Phillpotts:  
He is a friend of ours."

Nowadays Mr.

Eden Phillpotts can afford to smile at such frivolities. He is the "Hardy" of Dartmoor, and this fine edition of his novels worthily enshrines a great achievement.

I had thought to round off this article with something about Dartmoor by that consummate journalist, Daniel Defoe, whose "TOUR THROUGH THE WHOLE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN" (in 1724, 1725, and 1727) has been reprinted in two exquisitely produced volumes, with the contemporary maps of Herman Moll, and an Introduction by G. D. H. Cole. Edition limited to 1000 sets (Peter Davies; £3 3s. a set). The author of "Robinson Crusoe," however, did not himself feel "the call of the wild." He preferred towns and people, trade and manufactures and cultivation, and disliked desolate moors and mountains.

Defoe's book is a perfect mine of interesting facts, experiences, and anecdotes about the places he visited. I have unearthed references to most of the localities connected with the foregoing books, such as Dunfermline, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Blundell's school at Tiverton; but, though he went to Okehampton, Defoe says nothing of Dartmoor. His opinion of it may be deduced, perhaps, from his remarks about the River Exe. "The country it rises in is called *Exmore*. *Cambden* calls it a filthy, barren Ground, and, indeed, so it is." Similarly, Westmorland is described as "a Country eminent only for being the wildest, most barren and frightful of any that I have passed over in England, or even in Wales."

No one can accuse Defoe of word-painting or "purple patches." If the Dartmoor novels ever reach him in the Elysian reading-rooms, I very much fear that he will skip all the descriptive passages.

Defoe was essentially "modern" of his own day, and gave little heed to antiquities. If he were alive to-day and came across "THE GRAND TOUR OF NORMAN ENGLAND," By Arthur Weigall. With numerous illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.), he would probably be less struck with the contents than with the author's manner of travel. "The descriptive matter," writes Mr. Weigall, "was gathered mainly during a long motor-car tour which I made in the summer of 1927, and in the course of which I visited every important Norman building in every county in England." Defoe would have been immensely intrigued with that car, and at the mother city of motordom it would not have troubled him that, as Mr. Weigall says, "hardly anything remains of the Benedictine house founded in 1043 by the English Earl Leofric and his famous wife, Lady Godiva, at Coventry." To-day the world of



AUTHOR OF A SUCCESSFUL FIRST NOVEL, "THE EARTHEN LOT": MISS BRADDA FIELD.

Miss Bradda Field, whose first novel, "The Earthen Lot," quickly went into a second edition and has roused great interest, is the only daughter of Agnes Herbert (Mrs. A. T. Stewart), the well-known author, journalist, and critic.

industry is too much with us, and we are more inclined to appreciate the past and its architectural glories. Mr. Weigall has written a fascinating survey of Norman topography, and many a motorist, I doubt not, will follow in his tracks.

C. E. B.

In our issue of December 31 last we reproduced two very interesting photographs illustrating the peculiar wind ventilators which are attached to houses in Hyderabad, Sind. For permission to reproduce these photographs we were indebted to Dr. Martin Härlmann, whose name was omitted by an oversight. Dr. Martin Härlmann's new book, "India," will be published by Benn in the spring.



## A "BIG" LOT IN THE HOLFORD SALE: ONE OF THE FIVE REMBRANDTS.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



REMBRANDT'S "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN WITH A CLEFT CHIN" (ONCE THOUGHT TO BE HIS SON TITUS):

A GEM OF THE HOLFORD COLLECTION IN THE FORTHCOMING "PICTURE SALE OF THE SEASON."

The sale of the final portion of the great collection of pictures by Old Masters, formed by Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P. (1808-92), and afterwards the property of the late Sir George L. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, and Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, is announced to take place at Christie's on May 17 and the following day. The appearance under the hammer of so many famous works by the greatest painters of their time is a rare event. It will be the picture sale

of the season, and one not likely to be paralleled within the lifetime of the present generation. Rembrandt is represented by five works, the latest in date being the "Portrait of a Young Man with a Cleft Chin" (shown above), which was painted in 1658. It was at one time believed to represent the artist's scapegrace son, Titus; but before its exhibition at the British Institution in 1862 its history is a blank. Other pictures in the sale appear on pages 344 and 345.



# THE "EVENT" OF THE YEAR IN THE AUCTION ROOM —

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

AS noted already on page 343 in this number, where we reproduce one of the five Rembrandts included, the forthcoming sale at Christie's, on May 17 and 18, of the final portion of the great Holford Collection of pictures by Old Masters will be the event of the year in the auction room.

(Continued opposite.)

Very rarely does it happen that so many masterpieces of the first rank come under the hammer at one time. We reproduce on this and the opposite page a number of the most interesting and important works, which are likely to arouse the keenest rivalry among the bidders.



"A VIEW ON THE MAAS AT DORDRECHT": A FINE EXAMPLE BY ALBERT CUYP, SOLD FOR 1050 GUINEAS AT LADY STUART'S SALE IN 1841.



"WINTER SPORTS ON A FROZEN RIVER," BY AERT VAN DER NEER (TOP LEFT IN THE ADJOINING GROUP OF FOUR); "LE COUP DE SOLEIL," BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (TOP RIGHT); "SHIPS UNLOADING ON A RIVER," BY PHILIP WOUVERMAN (LOWER LEFT); AND "OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE INN," BY ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE (LOWER RIGHT): IMPORTANT WORKS IN THE FINAL PORTION OF THE HOLFORD COLLECTION.



"A MARINE VIEW DURING A FRESH BREEZE": A REPRESENTATIVE WORK BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, AMONG THE MASTERPIECES OF THE HOLFORD COLLECTION TO BE SOLD IN MAY.



"THE INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE": A SIGNED WORK BY ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE, "UNSURPASSED FOR LUMINOUS EFFECT AND BRILLIANCY OF COLOUR AND FINISH."



# — MASTERPIECES IN THE FORTHCOMING HOLFORD SALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK: A SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST INCLUDED IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF THE HOLFORD PICTURES.



BY REMBRANDT: "PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH A KERCHIEF" (1645) KNOWN AS MADAME LIPSUS.

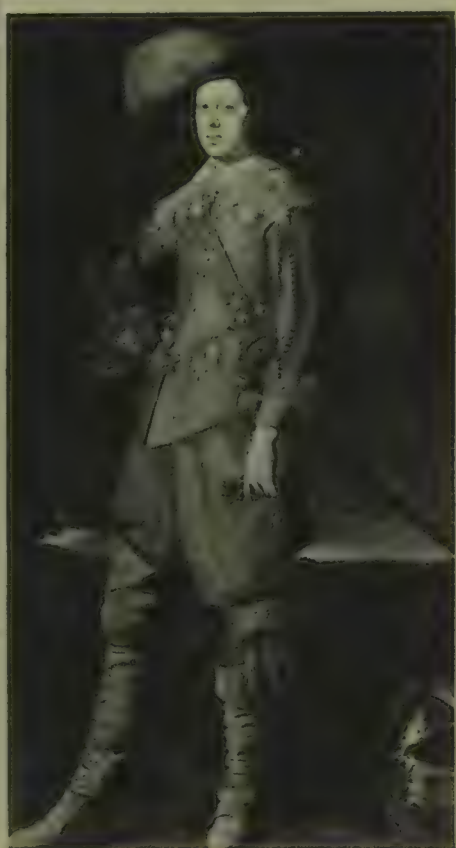
BY REMBRANDT: "PORTRAIT OF MARTIN LOOTEN" (1632), FORMERLY OWNED BY NAPOLEON'S RELATIVE, CARDINAL FESCH.



BY RUBENS: A DRAWING OF HIS SECOND WIFE, HÉLÈNE FOURMENT, MARRIED TO HIM IN 1630, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN (MIDDLE PICTURE, ABOVE).

BY CORNELIS DE VOS: "PORTRAIT OF A LADY" (THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT, ABOVE)

BY ADRIAAN HANNEMAN: "PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT" (THE PICTURE ON THE RIGHT ABOVE).



BY JUSTUS SUTERMANS, OR SUTTERMANS (1597—1631), OF ANTWERP, WHO LIVED CHIEFLY IN FLORENCE: "PORTRAIT OF A NOBLEMAN."



BY MURILLO: "A GIRL LIFTING HER VEIL"—ONE OF FIVE PICTURES ASCRIBED TO THAT PAINTER TO BE INCLUDED IN THE HOLFORD SALE.



BY VAN DYCK: "PORTRAIT OF THE ABBÉ SCAGLIA"—THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE (APART FROM THE REMBRANDTS).



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE FUNERAL OF THE EARL OF ERROLL, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER, INTER-ALLIED RHINELAND HIGH COMMISSION: THE CORTÈGE IN COBLENZ.



THE DEMONSTRATIONS AT MADRAS: MR. MORESBY'S CAR BURNING.



MR. M. K. GANDHI VISITING HIS BIRTHPLACE, PORBANDAR: H.H. THE MAHARAJAH RANA SAHEB OF PORBANDAR (CENTRE) WITH HIS HONOURED GUEST.



THE GREAT NEW BRIDGE OVER THE TYNE: THE 520-FOOT SUPPORTING ARCH BETWEEN THE GATESHEAD AND NEWCASTLE BANKS, WHICH WAS LINKED UP ON FEBRUARY 25.



MARKING THE SITE OF THE OLD TOLLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH—MENTIONED IN SCOTT'S "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN": FIXING THE WHITE SETTS NEAR ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL.



THE MYSTERY WALLS IN OLD PALACE YARD—POSSIBLY PART OF THE HOUSE CHAUCER OCCUPIED: MR. THOMAS WILSON, CLERK OF WORKS AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, EXAMINING A PIECE OF THE MASONRY.



A PROTAGONIST IN THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN TYROL QUESTION: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, THE ITALIAN PREMIER (RIGHT), WHO IS CONSULTING HIS MINISTER TO VIENNA, PRACTISING FENCING WITH A MASTER.

The funeral of the late Earl of Erroll, who, as recorded in our last number, died suddenly at Coblenz, on February 20, took place on the 23rd. The route, which extended for three miles, was lined by French troops. The service was held in the Chapel of the Palace, and the interment was in the Inter-Allied section of the Coblenz Military Cemetery.—Riotous demonstrations occurred in Madras on February 3, and it was deemed necessary for the police to fire. Before this action was taken, the mob had set on fire a motor-car belonging to Mr. Moresby, a Government solicitor, had looted, had injured a number of police officers, and had indulged in stone-throwing. On February 24 the Madras local Congress executive decided to call-off the Hartal, or Day of Mourning, fixed for the Sunday, the day the Simon Commission were due to arrive.—Mr. Gandhi visited Porbandar for the fourth session of the Kathiawar Political Conference.—Workmen are putting down whitesetts to mark the site of the old Tollbooth, or city

jail, of Edinburgh; with an inner space marked to show the place of execution. This work is for the enlightenment of visitors. In "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" it is written: "Adjacent to the tolbooth, or city jail, of Edinburgh, is one of three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church."—The supporting arch of the new bridge over the Tyne was erected simultaneously from the Newcastle and Gateshead banks. The linking up was a delicate process. Every movement was timed by a stop-watch as the half-arches were lowered.—Mr. Thomas Wilson, Clerk of Works at the Houses of Parliament and Deputy Keeper of Westminster Hall, has pointed out that the so-called tunnel uncovered in Old Palace Yard is not a tunnel. Without wishing to be romantic, he has suggested that just possibly the walls may be a part of the house occupied by Chaucer during the later years of his life, when he was Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster and the Tower.



## THE NAVY'S NEW "FLOATING AERODROME": A £4,000,000 "CARRIER."



H.M.S. "COURAGEOUS" LEAVING DEVONPORT FOR HER STEAM TRIALS: THE FIFTH LARGE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ADDED TO THE BRITISH NAVY AND RECENTLY PUT INTO COMMISSION—A VIEW OF THE STARBOARD SIDE, SHOWING THE CONTROL TOWER AND FUNNEL ON THAT SIDE OF THE SHIP.



THE PORT SIDE OF THE "COURAGEOUS," CONVERTED FROM A CRUISER INTO AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, AS SHE LEFT DEVONPORT FOR HER TRIALS: A VIEW SHOWING THE STERN, WITH ITS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, AND THE DOORS OF THE HANGAR BENEATH THE FLYING DECK.

The new aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. "Courageous," recently commissioned at Devonport, was originally built during the war as one of Lord Fisher's three famous "hush-hush" cruisers, the other two being the "Furious" and the "Glorious." It was afterwards decided to convert all three into floating "aerodromes" for the Fleet. The "Furious" was the first to be completed, and the "Glorious" is still in process of conversion at Devonport. The work of reconstructing the "Courageous" began in 1924 and has cost over £2,000,000; and, as an equal or greater amount was spent upon her as a cruiser, her total cost has been not less than £4,000,000. She is the fifth large aircraft-carrier

already added to the Navy, the other four being the "Furious," "Hermes," "Eagle," and "Argus." There are also two older aircraft-carriers, the "Ark Royal" and the "Pegasus," but these are obsolescent, as they have no flying deck, and only seaplanes can be used from them. The "Courageous," like the other large aircraft-carriers, has a flying deck that covers the whole ship like a roof, with electric lifts for hoisting aeroplanes on to it, and workshops for repairs. She can accommodate several "flights" of machines of various types. Aircraft now form a far more important element in the Navy than is generally realised.



# WITCHCRAFT IN THE WESTERN BALKANS.

By MARGARET M. HASLUCK, B.A. (Cantab.), M.A. (Aberdeen), Wilson Travelling Fellow in Aberdeen University 1921-3, 1926-8.

THE stormy Western Balkans are within three days' reach of London if one travels to Bari or Brindisi and there takes ship for one of the ports of Albania. Nevertheless, for all their nearness to civilisation, the inhabitants of this Balkan region are perfect slaves to witchcraft. This is because lack of communications and education has left them abysmally ignorant. Many of the simplest happenings of daily life are beyond their comprehension. To most of them reading and writing are still magic arts. The witches and warlocks guard their secrets carefully. The author, however, once contrived to buy the goodwill of a witch's business and to secure a diploma to practise as a witch. Armed with this diploma, she was initiated into certain secrets of the witches' guild. Here are a few.

In black magic, as the baneful kind is called, three old women emulate the ancient Hekate, strip themselves of their clothes, and hold a mock ploughing at cross-roads at midnight when the moon is full. By this means they bring the moon down to earth. Then they say a spell. Any person named in the spell dies. Sometimes, playing with the superstitious belief that a human sacrifice stabilises a building, a witch or warlock takes earth from a man's shadow and casts it into the foundations of a half-built house. This causes the man to die, for a man's shadow is considered an integral part of him, and a witch might as well cast his dead body as earth from his shadow into foundations.

Not only a man's shadow but anything that has ever belonged to him may be bewitched with fatal results. For this reason such things as nail-parings or hair-cuttings should be carefully destroyed to prevent their falling into dangerous hands. If they did so fall, they might figure in a witch's packet with a spoonful of ashes, a leaf of basil, a rag of new cloth, a chip of horn from a sheep's foot, a tuft of goat's hair, and a dead man's bone. Should the owner of the nail-parings or the hair-cuttings inadvertently step over this packet, he would die.

To acquire greater power a witch occasionally leagues herself with the Powers of Evil by doing a mischief to the Powers of Good. Stopping short of selling herself to the Devil, she steals at midnight to

some lonely church on the outskirts of her village, where she is sure of not being seen. Taking holy oil from the lamp which burns before the screen, she scratches a little plaster or paint from the painted eye of a saint in an eikon, for it is Christian witches, and not fanatical Turks, as legend declares, who gouge out the eyes of saints in Balkan churches. On returning home, she mixes the sacred oil with profane, sprinkles a fish with the plaster or paint from the eikon, and fries the fish. Then, muttering a spell, she

united as brothers and make her client's face shiny and drive the young men mad for love of her." The client then works the chemicals over with pestle and mortar every morning for a week before she touches either food or drink. At the end of the week she boils the mixture in fat, which she has been careful to take from a black, rather than a speckled, hen. Then she pours boiling water over it to whiten it. As soon as the fearsome compound is cool, she applies it to her face.

Then comes the reckoning. The witch's fee is trifling, but the enamel exacts a heavy price for the white complexion it gives the woman. It corrodes her skin and makes her a withered hag before she is thirty. Its sweetness induces her to keep licking her lips. This deposits some of the enamel on her teeth. It blackens and eats them away in a few years.

The people of the Western Balkans suffer great anxiety about their food supply. Their only help comes from white magic. They sow when the moon is waning to make the wheat sprout in as few days as the moon takes to disappear. In times of drought they make rain, probably by sending their children round the village to sing the pretty Perperouna song. Before each house a girl who is entirely buried in greenery pirouettes while a small boy digs a tiny water-channel at her feet, and the other children sing. As they appeal for "floods and floods of rain," the housewife before whose door they are performing flings a jugful of water over the dancing girl. Invariably the weather clerk yields to this sympathetic magic—in time.

During harvest whirlwinds are often troublesome. They are thought to be formed by the witch sisters of Alexander the Great. That monarch, the story runs, had found the Water of Immortal Life, and hung a bottleful on a tree in his garden. One day, though he died three hundred and twenty-three years before Christ was born, he was seized with a desire to go to church and communicate. Warning his sisters not to meddle with the Water, he departed. They, inquisitive, as is women's way, opened the bottle and drank the Water. When Alexander

(Continued on page 364.)

Νὰ εἶνε χαῖρετικὰ καὶ πάντα θ'πὺ θὰ  
σταρώσω καὶ τὰ λόγια μου θ'πὺ θὰ εἰπῶ  
πάντα νὰ γίνουν καὶ ἡ Παναγία νὰ εἶνε  
ἐμπροστί μου. Ἐγὼ μαγεαίτα τὸ ἔχω  
ἀγορασιμένο πάντα μὲ τὰ λεῖπτά μου καὶ ὁ  
Θεὸς νὰ μοῦ τὰ χαρίσῃ καὶ ὁ κόσμος  
εὐτυχία νὰ μου δίνη.

ἔχω [REDACTED] εὐχέσασθαι  
γιὰ τὴν [REDACTED] ἡ δούλα τῆς εὐχῆς

THE AUTHOR'S "DIPLOMA" TO PRACTISE AS A WITCH: A DOCUMENT IN GREEK CONTAINING HER OWN DECLARATION (ABOVE) AND THE WITCH'S PLEDGE (BELOW) WITH THE NAME BLOCKED OUT TO AVOID IDENTIFICATION.

The text may be translated as follows: (The Author) "Good luck! May everything for which I make the Sign of the Cross and may every Spell I say come true! May the Virgin help me! I, Margaret, have bought it with my Money. May God prosper me and may Good Fortune attend me!" (The Witch—her name is blocked out to prevent her being identified) "I . . . pledge my Life to it and give her my Prayers."

gives her magic fish to her destined victim. In ignorance he eats it—and dies or marries the wrong girl, or does something else equally dreadful.

A well-tryed Balkan recipe for a curse is as follows. Cut down a tree and dig a hole. In the hole bury the tree upside down. As you do so, say your enemy's name. Light three black candles to the Powers of Darkness, as three white candles are lit to the Holy Trinity. Let every passer-by complete your good work by throwing a stone at the tree. Then your enemy will surely die.

White, or beneficent, magic caters for almost every variety of human need. A sovereign remedy for the lovelorn is *manogalo* (mothers' milk). It is a biscuit made by a witch with flour stolen from forty sacks in forty different mills and mixed with milk from a mother and a daughter who are feeding male infants at the same time. Its potency as a charm depends partly on the use of the magic number "forty," partly on the extreme difficulty of obtaining the ingredients specified. The milk is easier than the flour to obtain, for in the Western Balkans a girl marries young enough for her daughter to bear children before she ceases to do so herself.

To win a coveted bride a man sometimes sets a witch to work. Catching a bat, she kills it at cross-roads with a golden coin. All day she boils it in a spot so remote from human habitation that she has no fear of a cock's being heard to crow and spoiling her spell. When the bat's flesh falls from its bones, she grinds them to powder and hands this powder to her client. As opportunity offers, he slips it into his lady's coffee—and drives her distracted with love of him. But he does not neglect to doctor her father's coffee too. Should he fail to win that gentleman's heart, his conquest of the girl's affections would remain vain. In the Western Balkans it is fathers, not daughters, who accept proposals.

To acquire a "pearly white" complexion, a Macedonian belle often invokes magic. Buying nitric acid and sublimate of mercury, she gives them to a "wise woman." The latter mumbles a prayer that "the nitric acid and sublimate of mercury may become



BALKAN TYPES: A MODERN GREEK "WITCH" IN MACEDONIA, WITH BOBBED HAIR.



BALKAN TYPES: A GREEK FAITH-HEALER FROM MACEDONIA.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

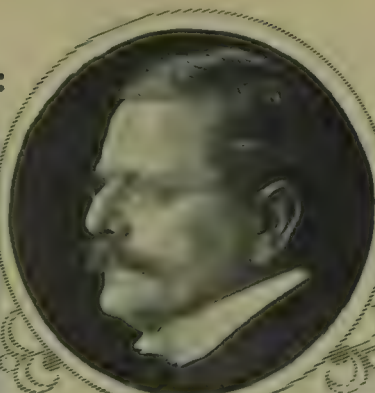
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



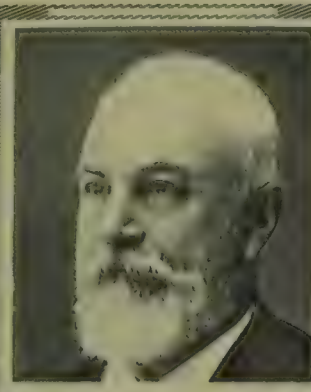
**MR. H. A. PRICHARD.**  
New White's Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Lately University Reader in Philosophy. Late Fellow of Trinity and formerly Fellow of Hertford.



**MAJOR-GEN. C. A. KER.**  
G.O.C. Territorial Army Air Defence Formations, in succession to General Ashmore. (March 1, 1928.) Colonel-Commandant, R.A. Southern Command, 1926-27.



**SIR DAWSON WILLIAMS, M.D.**  
(Born, July 17, 1854; died, February 27.) Famous medical journalist. Recently retired from the Editorship of the "British Medical Journal," a post he had held since 1898.



**M. YVES GUYOT.**  
(Born, September 6, 1843; died, February 21.) Famous French Free-trader, economist, and anti-Socialist. Formerly a journalist. An ex-Deputy and Minister.



**SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.**  
New M.P. (Con.) for Ilford. Had a majority of 4648, compared with the Conservative majority of 14,365 at the last election. 67 per cent. of electorate voted.



**THE LAUNCH OF THE VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S NEW TANKER, "YARRAVILLE": MR. AND MRS. HUBERT HOLLIDAY (CENTRE) AT THE CEREMONY AT PORT GLASGOW.**



**FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE MILNE.**  
The new Field-Marshal. Chief of the Imperial General Staff since February 1926.



**THE PRODUCER OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED NURSE CAVELL FILM, "DAWN": MR. HERBERT WILCOX, WHO IS AT LOG-GERHEADS WITH SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.**



**PRINCE LICHNOWSKY.**  
(Born, March 8, 1860; died, February 27.) German Ambassador in Great Britain at the outbreak of the war. Tried to improve Anglo-German relations, but was unable to do so owing to the Imperial policy.



**DAME ELLEN TERRY.**  
The famous actress, who attained her eightieth birthday on February 27. Made a G.B.E. in 1925. In her honour there was a special B.B.C. Ellen Terry programme broadcast on the evening of the birthday.



**MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.**  
(Born, October 2, 1852; died, February 25.) Famous as Irish Nationalist Leader and M.P. "His period of activity was one of the most troubled in the long troubled history of English rule in Ireland."

M. Yves Guyot was Minister of Public Works in the de Freycinet, Tirard, and Carnot Cabinets. He was a great champion of Dreyfus. At the time of his death he was President of the Société d'Economie Politique.—The "Yarraville" was launched by Mrs. Hubert Holliday, the wife of one of the Directors of the Vacuum Oil Company.—General Sir George Milne, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has been promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal. He has held his present position since February 1926, and his appointment marked the first occasion on which a gunner general of the Royal Regiment of Artillery had been chosen to hold the office in normal circumstances. After very important service during the Great War, he was made Lieutenant of

the Tower. Later he was selected for the Eastern Command.—Mr. William O'Brien was M.P. for Cork City from 1910 until 1918, when he retired from public life. Before that he had sat for Mallow, the South Division of Tyrone, the N.E. Division of Cork and Cork City, and the N.E. Division of Cork County. He was prosecuted for political offences on nine occasions, and spent over two years in gaol. He advocated the Policy of Conciliation. As the "Times" put it: "His period of activity was one of the most troubled in the long troubled history of English rule in Ireland, marked as it was by Fenianism, the Land League, Parliamentary Obstruction, the Plan of Campaign, the Parnellite split, the two Home Rule Bills, Gladstone's and Asquith's, and Sinn Fein."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## GOOSANDERS IN LONDON.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOSE living in London who have a fondness for natural history are surely fortunate, since there can be few great cities which harbour so varied a range of wild creatures within what may be called

fishing very thoroughly and systematically, driving their victims into a corner and then descending into their midst with a wild rush from which escape is indeed difficult. They must have appreciably reduced the stock of fish in this piece of water. Fortunately, however, the grebe is not entirely a fish-eater. So long as he does not outstay his welcome, the goosander's presence here affords to many of us an opportunity not to be missed, if only for the sake of studying its habits in comparison with those of the grebes.

But when one turns to a more intensive study of this bird, a host of aspects present themselves for our consideration. In appearance the male goosander (Fig. 1) is an extremely handsome bird, the head and neck being of a rich bottle-green, with metallic reflections; and this is set off by a vermilion-coloured beak and blood-red eye; the back is black-bordered on each side, with a broad band of white; while the wing-coverts are also white. The lower part of the neck, and the breast, are white, but, during life, suffused with a rich, indescribable glory of salmon-pink, which, however, vanishes completely within an hour or two of death. No one has yet succeeded in discovering to what this evanescent tint is due, or why it should fade so quickly. The legs, by the way, are also vermilion.

The female is a much duller bird, having the head and neck of a dull chestnut, in place of black, and the back ash-grey. The underparts are white, and similarly tinged with

But why is it that birds so closely alike in coloration and modes of feeding should have such strikingly different nesting habits? The goosander, like some other ducks, adopts the somewhat surprising practice of nesting in hollow trees, wherever these are to be had. Failing these, it will use a hole in a peat-bog, a sheldrake burrow, or the shelter afforded by an overhanging ledge of rock. The Finns put up nesting-boxes, used also by the golden-eye, and systematically rob the confiding birds of their eggs, though they take care to allow them to hatch at last, for the sake of encouraging them to return next year.

The red-breasted merganser, on the other hand, haunts the sea-coast as well as lakes and rivers inland. Never, however, does it nest in hollow trees, but under the shelter of long grass or heather, or sometimes in a burrow. Here, then, we find a clue to the source of that *penchant* for nesting in hollow trees shown by its larger and more highly specialised relative. Apart from the narrow, toothed beak, so unlike that which we associate with a duck, there are two other structural characters to which reference must be made. One of these concerns the backward position of the legs. This feature is an adaptation to the diving habits, and causes these birds, on land, to carry the body in a semi-erect instead of the horizontal position characteristic of, say, the mallard.

The other feature is to be sought internally. It concerns the wind-pipe. At its lower end, just before it branches off to the lungs, in the surface-feeding ducks—as in the mallard, for example, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2A)—there is a large, globular, bony box. In the pochard, one of the diving ducks, this box is much larger, and its walls are fenestrated, as though there were not enough bony matter available to complete the surface. It is seen, from in front and from behind, in the two middle figures adjoining (B and C). In the goosander (D) this box is still larger, and its walls are also fenestrated.

Only in the males are these curious structures found, and they serve the purpose of modulating the voice, producing sounds impossible to the female. In the case of the mallard the low, sibilant note of the male is far less powerful than the harsh quack of the female; but the birds may interpret these sounds differently. There is something horribly vulgar about the loud quack of the female; and this impression is accentuated by the soft whisperings of her mate. But then, we are not ducks. He may like this boisterous guffaw of his wife: there is no accounting for tastes!



FIG. 1. A WINTER VISITOR TO THE PENN PONDS IN RICHMOND PARK: THE GOOSANDER.

The coloration of the male goosander, in its breeding-dress, is very beautiful, but the exquisite salmon-pink hue of the breast fades immediately after death. In his "eclipse" dress he resembles the female. This dress is a resuscitated ancestral plumage. It breeds in northern Scotland.—(Drawing by Archibald Thorburn, F.Z.S. By Courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co)

their "inner fringes." Epping Forest on the north and Richmond Park on the south are both sanctuaries of natural beauty; though Epping Forest has been desecrated by that abomination of civilisation—the tram-car.

Of these two retreats, I know Richmond Park best; and I count myself indeed fortunate that I live within a few minutes' run of its glorious expanses of bracken and wood and pasture. Here, winter and summer, is a perpetual delight. Herds of deer, red and fallow, enable one to watch the annual miracle of the shedding and renewal of the antlers, and to study the changes in coloration of the dappled hides of the fawns and calves, and the strong contrasts in coloration of the adults, as well as their strange behaviour during the rutting season. Cattle, too, often roam at large here. Hares and rabbits are to be seen by those who look for them; and here, too, thrives that mischievous little beast, the grey squirrel, an undesirable alien who has ousted our native red squirrel. The thrilling crow of the cock-pheasant can be heard in the woods, and here, too, the heron breeds. Last year I counted twelve nests in one wood.

But this great park has yet another attraction; and that is provided by the Penn Ponds, a small lake whereon one may sit and watch mallard and tufted duck and the great crested grebe, all of which breed here. During the winter months come strangers one would hardly expect to find; among them the goosander and the smew. These belong to the genus Merganser, of which four species are to be reckoned as "British birds." They are commonly known as "saw-billed" ducks, owing to the serrated edges of the beak, simulating teeth, and performing the function of the teeth of creatures like porpoises and dolphins; for they are used to hold slippery prey like fish, but not for breaking up their victims, which are swallowed whole.

I want now to speak more especially of the goosander, which this year has been especially numerous on the Penn Ponds, as many as thirty having been seen at one time. The grebes must have regarded their somewhat prolonged stay with dismay, since the goosander is almost entirely a fish-eater, and has a healthy appetite. Moreover, they do their

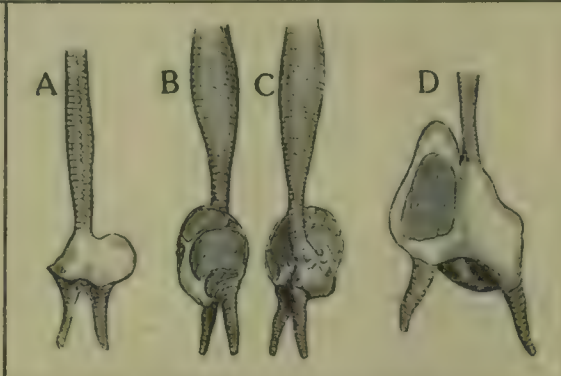


FIG. 2. SHOWING DIFFERENCES OF SIZE AND STRUCTURE IN THE BONY BOX THAT SOFTENS THE VOICE OF THE MALE IN CONTRAST TO THE FEMALE'S LOUD QUACK: WINDPIPES OF MALE MALLARD (A), POCHARD—FRONT AND BACK (B AND C), AND GOOSANDER (D)

The wind-pipe of the goosander (D) and of the red-breasted merganser bears at its lower end, and in the males only, a very singular bony box, with fenestrated walls. In this last particular it recalls the similar structure of the pochard (two middle figures) and one or two allied species. In the mallard (left) this box is smaller, and its walls are completely bony. Its function is to modulate the sound of the voice.

salmon-pink, but less intense in shade, though quite as fleeting. One can scarcely speak of the goosander without comparing it with its near relation, the red-breasted merganser (Fig. 3). This may be called a smaller edition of the goosander, yet differing in some important features, as will be seen on comparing Mr. Thorburn's beautiful drawings (Figs. 1 and 3). The head and neck in the male merganser resembles that of its larger relative, save that the feathers of the nape are elongated, and form a more or less well-marked double crest; but the base of the neck and the fore part of the breast are of a cinnamon-pink, streaked and spotted with black; hence the name "red-breasted"; while the feathers covering the wrist-joint, when the wing is closed form a semi-circular band of oblong white patches. Other points of difference in coloration need not detain us, for much else of more importance has to be said. It is to be remarked, however, that the females of the two species resemble one another much more nearly than do the males—as we should expect.



FIG. 3. THE RED-BREASTED MERGANSER: A "SMALLER EDITION" OF THE GOOSANDER, BUT OF VERY DIFFERENT NESTING HABITS.

The red-breasted merganser bears a general resemblance to its larger relative, but lacks the evanescent salmon-pink hue of the under-parts. It breeds with us both on the mainland of northern Scotland as well as in the Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetland, and Ireland; both on salt and fresh waters.—(Drawing by Archibald Thorburn, F.Z.S. By Courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)



## "COMING-OF-AGE" RITES AMONG AUSTRALIAN BLACKS OF A TYPE MET BY CAPTAIN HINKLER.



1. THE FIRST TEST FOR INITIATION INTO MANHOOD: YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES LYING STRETCHED IN THE BURNING SUN IN A MOSQUITO-HAUNTED JUNGLE.



2. "MASTERS" OF THE CEREMONY SCATTERING BULL-ANTS AND STINGING INSECTS ON THE SWEATING BODIES OF THE CANDIDATES, WHOSE FACES ARE COVERED WITH SHEETS OF BARK.



3. WITH SPEARS STUCK IN THE GROUND AND WHITE STICKS MARKING "FAILURES" OR PLACES OF DEAD CANDIDATES: PART OF THE SCENE ON PAGES 352 AND 353, SHOWING A "MASTER" WITH SWORD OF OFFICE (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



4. ONE OF THE "MASTERS" OF THE CEREMONY, WITH HIS PLUMES OF BROLGA FEATHERS AND SWORD OF OFFICE, SHARING THE ORDEAL BY SUN-HEAT, AND KEEPING WATCH ON THE CANDIDATES.



5. EXHAUSTED BY FOURTEEN DAYS OF SEMI-STARVATION AND THIRST: THE YOUNG MEN AFTER THEIR ORDEAL, AND (IN BACKGROUND) ONE OF THE WOMEN, TO WHOM SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES MAY NOW SPEAK.



6. SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES CARRYING PAINTED BASKETS FOR YOUNG WOMEN TO FILL WITH FOOD, AND "FAILURES" WITHOUT BASKETS: THE FINAL SCENE OF THE INITIATION CEREMONIES AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS OF ARNHAM LAND.

These photographs, which illustrate rites of initiation into manhood among aborigines of the type met by Captain Hinkler when he made a forced landing in Northern Australia, are titled as follows: "(1) The first test. Hungry and silent, they are forced by the Masters to camp in a mosquito-haunted jungle. (2) The young men are laid out under a hot tropical sun. All day they stay here. When they are covered with sweat, the Masters scatter bull-ants and stinging insects over them. Their faces are covered with sheets of bark. (3) A sandy dug-out. The smaller white sticks at some heads indicate that these candidates have failed. The other white sticks mark the places of former candidates who have died. Note the Master (lying in centre background) on guard at the east portal, with his sword of office placed in the ground. (4) The Master on guard. The belt and arm bands are made from his own hair. The plumes are of brolga feathers. (5) After fourteen days of semi-starvation and thirst, most of the young men have passed all tests. They are now allowed to speak to allotted women of their totematic system. (6) The exhausted youths await the young women, who, waving boughs and dancing, will fill the painted baskets with cooked yams and fish. Those without baskets have failed; for another year manhood's privileges are denied them."



## A "MAKING-YOUNG-MEN" CORROBOREE IN NORTH AUSTRALIA: THE ORDEAL BY "BROILING" UNDER A TROPICAL SUN.



INITIATION INTO MANHOOD AMONG AUSTRALIAN BLACKS SUCH AS CAPTAIN HINKLER MET, IN ARNHAM LAND: YOUTHS LYING ALL DAY IN THE BURNING SUN WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, WITH "MASTERS OF CEREMONIES" AT EACH END, SPEARS STUCK IN THE GROUND, AND SHORT WHITE STICKS MARKING THE PLACES OF DEAD CANDIDATES.

Arnhem Land is the district around Port Darwin, where Captain Hinkler landed after his great flight from London. As noted on our front page, he encountered some aborigines later when he made a forced landing on the way to Queensland. This photograph, and those on page 351, were taken during an expedition by Mr. Francis Birtles. Among the aborigines initiation into manhood is a formidable affair. "Before being admitted a man," we read, "every youth of this tribe has to submit to a painful and vigorous ordeal of tests and semi-starvation. Those who emerge successful are granted the full privileges of manhood in food, war, and the chase, and are allowed to speak to women. But the failures are denied such privileges and must wait another year to undergo the ordeal again." The whole process lasts a fortnight. The above photograph shows what is called the Bora ceremony. The youths are laid

out in rows in a sandy dug-out, to broil all day under a tropical sun without food or water. With them, at the east and west ends of the sand-pit, lie the "Masters" of the ceremony, and the one seen above in the centre background has his sword of office. Behind the heads of the young men are spears driven into the ground. The short white sticks at some of the heads indicate that those candidates have failed, or mark the places of others who have died. To the right of the "Master" in the background is a black dog, gravely watching the proceedings. The initiation rites in Central and South Australia are said to be still more severe than those of the North, and include self-inflicted wounds and cutting with knives, causing heavy loss of blood. "With some tribes," says a German writer, "the initiation starts with torture, the combing of the entangled hair with a sharp spear, which tears most of it out."



# REPUBLICAN GERMANY'S FIRST ROYAL GUESTS: THE AFGHAN KING IN BERLIN.



THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN SEES BERLIN FROM THE AIR: HER MAJESTY ALIGHTING FROM A LARGE GERMAN AEROPLANE ON THE TEMPELHOFFER FELD AFTER HER FLIGHT OVER THE CITY.



THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN, WITH HER SUITE, WATCHES GERMAN TROOPS IN A MIMIC BATTLE: HER MAJESTY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AT THE MILITARY REVIEW ON THE DÖBERITZ PARADE GROUND.



WATCHING GERMAN AIRCRAFT: THE KING AND QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN (STANDING TOGETHER) ON THE TEMPELHOFFER FELD.



THE FIRST MONARCH TO VISIT THE GERMAN REPUBLIC IN STATE: KING AMANULLAH, WITH HIS QUEEN, DRIVING THROUGH BERLIN.



AT THE FIRST REVIEW BEFORE A FOREIGN MONARCH FOR FOURTEEN YEARS: KING AMANULLAH WITH PRESIDENT HINDENBURG.



"DUMMY" TANKS IN THE MIMIC BATTLE (REAL ONES BEING FORBIDDEN TO GERMANY BY THE PEACE TREATY): A "TANK" ATTACK IN PROGRESS DURING THE REVIEW BEFORE THE AFGHAN KING.



THE MOTIVE POWER OF THE ONLY "TANKS" WHICH GERMANY IS ALLOWED TO USE UNDER THE PEACE TREATY: MEN OF THE REICHSWEHR PROPELLING THE "DUMMIES," WITH THEIR HEADS CONCEALED.

The King of Afghanistan, who arrived in Berlin, with his Queen, on February 22, is the first foreign monarch to pay a visit of state to the German Republic. President von Hindenburg met the royal guests at the station, and drove with King Amanullah in one car, while the Queen was accompanied by Frau von Richthofen, who was attached to her suite for the four days' official visit. The next day King Amanullah and Queen Sourayah saw an imposing display of aircraft at the Tempelhof Feld, the air port of Berlin, and the German Government arranged to present the King with a Junkers commercial monoplane. On

February 26 the Afghan King and Queen, with President von Hindenburg, attended a military review—the first held in honour of a foreign monarch on the Döberitz parade ground for fourteen years. The review included a mimic battle, in which were "dummy" tanks propelled by Reichswehr men on foot beneath them, as under the Peace Treaty Germany is not permitted the use of real tanks. After the official festivities were over, the royal guests visited Potsdam. They are due to arrive in England on March 13. The Prince of Wales is to meet them at Dover, and the King and Queen will welcome them at Victoria.



# MANNEQUINS AT THE PARIS OPERA: THE MOST SPECTACULAR DISPLAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CLAIR-GUYOT, TAKEN FROM A BOX.



## THE CULT OF ELEGANCE IN THE CAPITAL OF FASHION: MANNEQUINS AT THE BAL DE LA COUTURE IN PARIS.

Paris, the acknowledged "capital" of the world of fashion, might be expected to provide the most spectacular *mannequin* display that has probably ever been staged. It took place during the *Bal de la Couture*, held at the Opéra on February 14, and the *mannequins* stood on a moving platform which came out from the back of the stage into the middle of the auditorium, and was

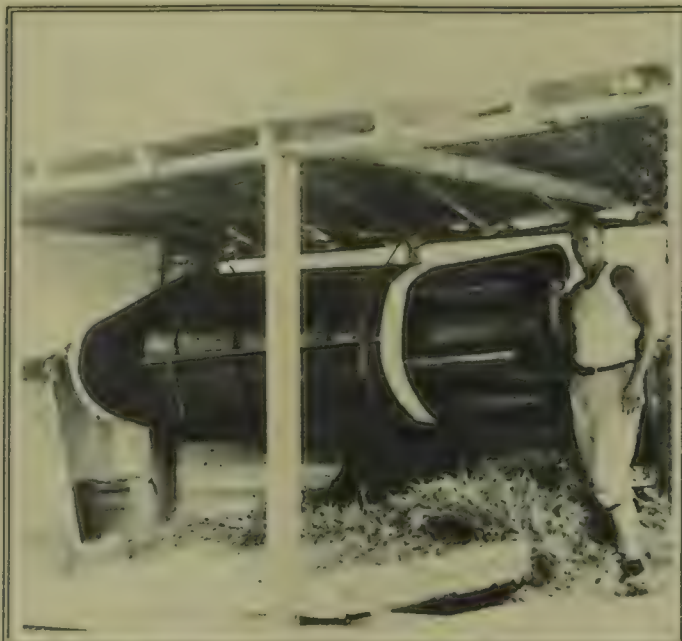
illuminated by two powerful projectors from above. The photograph, taken from a box, shows the packed house watching the proceedings. It is interesting to compare this scene with British methods of exhibiting costumes by *mannequins*. An open-air parallel, for example, occurred on one occasion at Maidenhead where hats and dresses for Ascot were paraded on a raised platform



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A CIVIL SERVANT WHO WAS A SUBJECT OF THE "FRANCS CASE" INQUIRY: MR. J. D. GREGORY, OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.



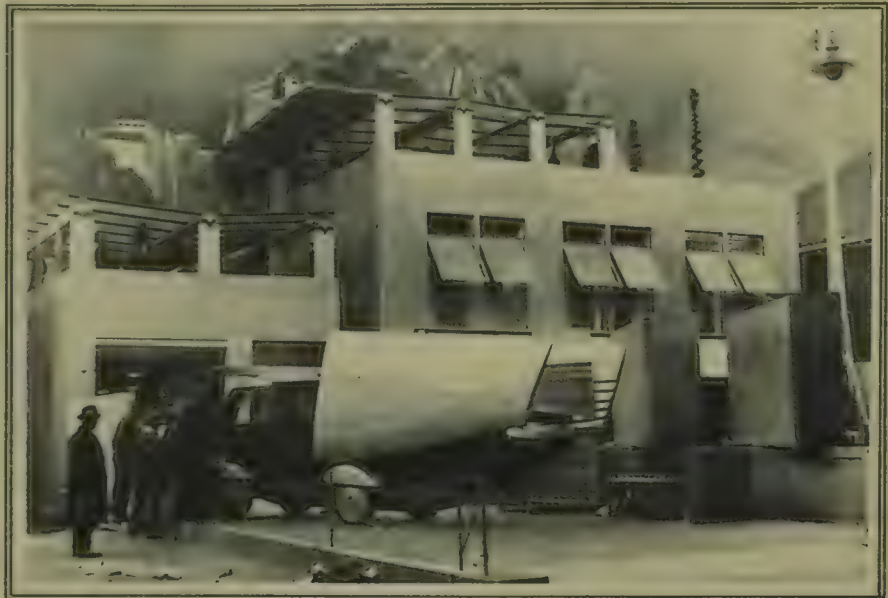
AN INVENTOR SAID TO CONTEMPLATE A TRIP TO VENUS: PROFESSOR ROBERT CONDIT, OF MIAMI, WITH THE ROCKET-LIKE MACHINE, OF HIS OWN DESIGN, IN WHICH HE WOULD BE SHOT INTO SPACE.



A CIVIL SERVANT WHO WAS A SUBJECT OF THE "FRANCS CASE" INQUIRY: MR. O. ST. C. O'MALLEY, OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.



IN THE PREDICTED COSTUME OF 2000 A.D.: "RESIDENTS" AT THE "HOUSE OF THE FUTURE" IN THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA—A VIEW SHOWING THE GARDEN WIND-SCREENS AND REMOVABLE FLOWER-BEDS.



THE "HOUSE OF THE FUTURE" AT OLYMPIA: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE "AEROCAR" (FOR LAND, WATER, OR AIR TRAVEL) OUTSIDE ITS GARAGE, ON THE ROOF OF WHICH IS A SWIMMING-POOL.



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR SHOOTING PRACTICE WITHOUT BULLETS: THE "FLASH-SPOTTER" (ILLUMINATING THE POINT OF AIM ON THE TARGET) ATTACHED TO A DOUBLE-BARREL SHOT-GUN AND A SERVICE REVOLVER.



THE "FLASH-SPOTTER" SEEN AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: INSERTING IN THE BREECH OF A SHOT-GUN THE ELECTRICAL CARTRIDGE THAT CAUSES A SPOT OF LIGHT ON THE TARGET.

It was announced on February 28 that, in view of the Report of the Board of Inquiry appointed to inquire into certain statements affecting Civil Servants made during the case of Ironmonger and Co. v. Dyne (generally known as "the francs case"), the Foreign Secretary had imposed penalties on three Foreign Office officials who had "acted in a manner inconsistent with their obligations as Civil Servants." Mr. J. D. Gregory, Assistant Under-Secretary of State, was dismissed from the Service, and Mr. O. St. C. O'Malley was permitted to resign.—Professor Robert Condit, a scientist of Miami, Florida, is reported to be actually contemplating an attempt to reach the planet Venus in a rocket-like machine of his own invention.—The twelfth "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition was opened

at Olympia by the Lord Mayor of London, on February 28. One of its most interesting features is the House of the Future (A.D.2000), which was fully illustrated and described on a double-page in our issue of February 18. The house has a flat roof, with facilities for sun-bathing, and the garden has beds removable in sections.—The Flash-Spotter, which attracted the attention of the King at the British Industries Fair at the White City, is an ingenious device for instructional and practice purposes in shooting, eliminating bullets, danger, and noise. On pressing the trigger, a bright spot of light is projected on to the target at the exact point of aim, and at the instant when the shot would be leaving the bore. The device was invented by a well-known Gunner General.



# ENGLAND, 18 POINTS; FRANCE, 8 POINTS: INTERNATIONAL RUGBY.



ENGLAND, HARD PRESSED, KICKS INTO TOUCH: A SCENE DURING THE FINE GAME PLAYED AT TWICKENHAM BEFORE THE KING AND SOME 45,000 SPECTATORS.

The England *versus* France Rugby football match was played at Twickenham on Saturday, February 25, before a crowd of some 45,000. The King honoured the event by his presence. The result was three goals and one try (18 points) scored by England, to France's one goal and one try (8 points). Thus England won their fourth victory of the season, and their third victory in the Inter-

national championship. There was something of an incident in the first half when a touch-down was awarded to H. G. Periton, the English winger; for he and H. Behotéguy dived for the ball together, and a section of the spectators did not agree with the referee's decision. R. Cove-Smith (Old Merchant Taylors) captained England; and the famous A. Jaurreguy (Stade Français), France.



## "BY JOE!": A GERMAN "JEKYLL-AND-HYDE" RAIDER.

### BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "THE SEA DEVIL: THE STORY OF COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER."\*

(PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM HEINEMANN.)

BY JOE!—as Graf Felix von Luckner would have put it, explosively—Here is a Book! With the banning of "Dawn" a controversy of the moment and the presentation of "The World War Through German Spectacles" imminent, there will be those who will add it to their taboos, as blatant propaganda; for "The Sea Devil" is not only a German, but a breezy, sympathetic German who, if not, in outer semblance, "the mildest manner'd man that ever scuttled ship," certainly never dreamed of cutting a throat.

"He was even called to Rome," we are told, "and decorated by the Pope as 'a great humanitarian'!" When Mr. Lowell Thomas met him, he rivalled von Hindenburg in popularity, and "he was on a sort of triumphal tour of Germany, exhorting the youth to prove worthy of their inheritance."

And who, then, is this bold, but not bad, buccaneer? None other than one of those von Luckners whose name was first written in the Book of History by that Count of the line who transferred his mercenary Hussars to Louis XVI., then commanded them under the French Revolutionary Government and had the *Marseillaise* dedicated to him, and eventually bore the brave rank of Marshal of France.

The family trend was military. Felix determined to make it Naval. The traditional "bad boy" at school, he emulated many another of his adventurous kin and ran away to sea when he was thirteen-and-a-half, but big enough to find use for the loot from his father's wardrobe—big boots, sea boots, coat, trousers, and sports shoes! And so to Hamburg. There an old salt reduced to ferrying "wangled" him into a berth in the Russian full-rigged ship *Niobe*, bound for Fremantle. In her, he was Phelax Luedige, cabin-boy; "Chief Inspector," which, being interpreted, was pig-keeper; and "Superintendent of the Starboard and Larboard Pharmacies," otherwise the latrines.

That was the prelude to seven years before the mast; seven years that would not have been, save for an occurrence as astonishing as any imagined by the novelist. He fell overboard and kept himself afloat by hanging on to the leg of an albatross which had attacked him with beak and claw!

There were breaks in his sailing. He was a "convert" of the Salvation Army in Australia, for whom he sold the "War Cry," and from whom he got the job of "putting moth-balls in clothing donated by charitable people." He acted as assistant to the lighthouse-keeper of the Cape Leeuwin Beacon. He became a dish-washer; was trained as a "White Hope" of the ring; acted as tent-pitcher and bill-distributor to a travelling troupe of Hindu fakirs; and, for a brief spell, joined the Mexican Army and guarded Porfirio Diaz. But the tang of the salt was always in his nostrils. As A.B., he was one of the crews of the four-masted schooner *Golden Shore*; the four-masted *Pinmore*, of England, which took two hundred and eighty-five days to sail from San Francisco round the Horn to Liverpool; and of other craft, including the German *Caesarea*, in which he experienced that squall which is termed white because you have not seen it coming, discovered the delights of stolen flapjacks, and was initiated into the making of sausages—for inspection—with two deceitful ends and a section-of-broomstick middle!

Then, if ever he were to see his home again—he had sworn only to re-enter it as an officer in the Imperial Navy—he had to pull up his slacks. Discarding "the eternally enduring celluloid collar which you share on board with a friend who wants to go ashore, and the indestructible tin necktie, made in America, with the scarfpin, a tiny revolver, riveted to it," he joined a School for Navigation in order to qualify as a mate, and thus set out on the voyage ending in enrolment as a Lieutenant of the Naval Reserve. Next a Captaincy; and a life-saving episode which came to the notice of Prince Henry of Prussia and led the Kaiser to pay for the young officer's tuition after he had been ordered to the Navy for active service, in 1912.

Routine followed; and, when he was in the *Panther* and about to steam from the Canaries to the Cameroons, a German Admiralty telegram saying "Do not start." This was on July 17, 1914.

After that the Battle of Jutland—and the Great Adventure.

Von Luckner was the only officer of the German Navy who had served "in sail." A Sea Lord, "with a face as stern as the cliffs at Heligoland," summoned him to Berlin and barked: "You are to take command of a vessel. We want you to run the blockade and raid enemy commerce. Since we have no coaling stations, a sailing ship will be the best. Do you think you can do it?"

The Lieutenant-Commander was confident that he could.

The American clipper *Pass of Balmaha* was chosen, and never did sailor have better fun than her skipper. He had to make her a box of tricks in case she should be held up and examined. The windjammer had to pass muster as an innocent neutral, a Norwegian. The thoroughness of the Teuton had its opportunity; and a "Jekyll-and-Hyde" ship resulted. Items: a purloined log-book; ship's papers conveniently blotted by a storm "proved" by

the signs of damage done—and repaired—by the carpenter; pictures of the King and Queen of Norway and "their jovial relative, King Edward VII. of England"; Norwegian instruments; Norwegian photographs and Norwegian letters to be discovered in sea-chests; Norwegian tailors' names on suits; a Captain's wife, with toothache as "she" could not talk Norwegian, and with a rug to hide "her" big feet; a Norwegian-speaking "visible" crew; and so on; plus "a letter signed by His Majesty's Consul at Copenhagen stating that the *Maleta* was carrying lumber for the

use of the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia. The letter requested all British ships to help us if any emergency arose. To prove that this document was genuine, it was even stamped with the British Imperial Seal (made in Germany!). And all concerned were drilled to answer to their Norwegian names without a pause, instinctively!

Further—and here were optimism and ingenuity blended—von Luckner made Maskelyne-and-Cook preparations. "We altered that Yankee clipper from stem to stern," he records, "with concealed places for our guns, rifles, grenades, bombs, and other armament, with special quarters for prisoners, two ultra-modern 500-horse-power motors to fall back on in case of calm or when in a big hurry, a tank holding 480 tons of fuel oil, another tank containing 480 tons of sweet water, and provisions for a cruise of two years.

"In addition to 400 bunks for prospective 'guests,' I had special de luxe quarters made for 'visiting' captains and mates. . . . War or no war, I still considered all sailors my pals, and had my own ideas as to how our prisoners should be treated. . . .

"When the work was done, below deck the *Pass of Balmaha* was an auxiliary cruiser, armed to the teeth. Above deck she was merely a poetic old sailing ship loaded

with a prosaic cargo of lumber. . . . I had secret doors and hatches cut in the floor of the closets in the officers' cabins, and another under the stove in the galley."

Then the master stroke! "But what would happen if we were ordered into Kirkwall to have our deck-load of timber shifted and our hold searched, you ask? Ah, we were ready for that!

"Of course, if an enemy patrol vessel picked us up, a special prize crew of half a dozen men would be put aboard us to make sure we headed for the right port. I would have sixty-four men of my own to handle the small prize crew.

"Dinner time would come. I would say to the Britishers: 'Gentlemen, may you dine well.' . . .

"Right in the middle of the meal, I would signal to my fighting men hidden on the lower deck. Seizing their rifles they would jump up to their appointed places. At another signal, the crew above deck would clamber up the iron masts, open small secret doors, reach down into the hollow chambers where their arms and uniforms were hidden, and a moment later German jack-tars would appear where humble Norwegian sailors had been a moment before. . . .

"Although the floor of my saloon where the prize crew would be dining looked like any other floor, it was in reality an elevator! All I had to do was press a secret button hidden behind the barometer in the chart-room. Presto! down would drop floor, prize crew and all. . . . they would find themselves dining on the next deck below. With the difference that they now would be gazing down the barrels of twenty German rifles."

By Joe! A notion indeed! It was never tested, alas! The *Pass of Balmaha* broke the three lines of the blockade, by daring and by luck, and then was held up and examined by an armoured cruiser, only to be freed with the "T.X.B."—"Continue voyage."

The Norwegian innocent became the *Seedler*, the raider. Fortune had been with her, and for a while was not fickle. Von Luckner, garnering in the Atlantic, reaped a harvest of steamers and sailing ships; firing through riggings and across bows; scaring with the machine-gun, "type-writer of Mars"; ordering the clearing of torpedoes he did not possess; banging-off a huge "gun" innocent of shells; craftily—and, it seems, unworthily—taking advantage of sea chivalry by simulating a ship ablaze; bringing crews aboard his craft and introducing their officers to his Captains' Club. Then sinking the ships he had hove to—by direct gun-fire, by bombs, by opening sea-cocks—even the old *Pinmore*, "a kind of mother": eleven vessels in eight weeks.

By this the *Seedler* was over-full. Von Luckner took a big chance. Having captured the barque *Cambronne*, he transferred all his prisoners to her and sent her off, under one of the captains of the vessels he had sunk; with orders to make Rio de Janeiro, and pledged not to communicate with any ship until that port was reached. This that he might have a chance to reach the Pacific before the hue and cry; and, incidentally, he limited the *Cambronne's* rate of sailing by lopping off her upper masts; so that she could set only her lower sails.

That was the beginning of the end. Five months, with 35,000 miles covered, had yielded only three ships; and scurvy and beri-beri were added to the risks from enemy cruisers. It was decided to rest at one of the Society Islands. Mopelia was selected, "a typical coral atoll—the kind you dream about." Disaster came: a tidal wave wrecked the raider: "The jagged coral was rammed deep into our hull."

Thereafter, tribulation after tribulation; an epic voyage in a ship's boat by six of the company, to the Cook Islands and the Fijis, in search of a ship that could be stolen and used as a raider; sickness unto planned suicide and death, with the white line of scurvy climbing nearer and nearer to the heart; suspicion; capture; escape; and re-arrest—a story well-nigh incredible so amazing are its details.

By Joe! Here is a Book! It will provoke challenges—though chapter and verse are given throughout; it will infuriate some and embarrass others; yet more will disbelieve or discount and cite discrepancies; but it will engross all. No average tale for boys can hope to rival its yarns; no Wallace can out-thrill it. No, by Joe! E. H. G.



THE CRAFT WHICH CARRIED VON LUCKNER AND FIVE OTHERS ON AN EPIC VOYAGE FROM THE SOCIETY ISLANDS TO THE COOK ISLANDS AND THE FIJIS: THE SHIP'S BOAT, "KRON-PRINZESSIN CECILIE."



TURNED INTO A "JEKYLL-AND-HYDE" SHIP BY VON LUCKNER: THE "SEEDLER," FORMERLY THE AMERICAN CLIPPER, "PASS OF BALMAHA."

This drawing of the "Seedler" was made from a photograph taken by the captain of the "Antonin" (one of the vessels captured by the "Seedler"), while his craft was being pursued by the raider.



"THE SEA DEVIL" OF THE SAILING-SHIP BLOCKADE-RUNNER: COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN WAR-RAIDER "SEEDLER"; WITH HIS WIFE.

Reproductions from "The Sea Devil," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.

\*"The Sea Devil: The Story of Count Felix von Luckner, the German War Raider." By Lowell Thomas. (William Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net.)



## AFTER THE GERMAN "POST-WAR TRANCE": FIGHTING-SHIPS IN BEING.



"UNTIL WE COULD AGAIN BUILD UP A FLEET AS GREAT OR EVEN GREATER THAN THE ONE WE LOST":  
TORPEDO-CRAFT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC IN HEAVY WEATHER.

In view of the publication of "The Sea Devil: The Story of Count Felix von Luckner, the German War Raider," a notice of which is given on the opposite page, it is interesting to quote from that book a part of the speech made at the Navy Yard at Kiel by Count von Spee in 1913: "... Ours is a young navy, but we have had a great teacher. When England built her mighty fleet, she taught us how to build ours. The English have great naval traditions, and both their fleet and traditions have been our model." To this von Luckner adds: "We Germans, with a new fleet, took over the old, solid tradition of the British

and made it our own. We did everything we could to implant it in our men. ... Our sea leaders understood the importance of a tradition. That was why we were determined to keep a fleet after the War. When our great ships went down at Scapa Flow, our Socialists favoured the total abandonment of the naval arm, but fortunately enough of our people came out of their post-war trance long enough to prevent such a fatal error. Perhaps it might be only a few small ships that we could retain, but it would serve to keep traditions alive until we could again build up a fleet as great or even greater than the one we lost."



# THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

## IV.—THE HERITAGE OF TIME.

By *ARTHUR HAYDEN*, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "English China," "Old Furniture," etc.

to the connoisseur. A physical insularity determined much in fostering a national style. Even foreign artists came to work in an English manner. Holbein was the father of a long line of miniaturists. Vandyck, through long residence in this country, has come to be regarded as almost a representative native painter.

The Reformation under the Tudors and the Civil War under the Stuarts led to the annihilation of religious ornaments representing craftsmanship of the most perfect type. But happily, in some cases, by the exercise of great secrecy, many valuable objects were saved, and they stand to-day as heirlooms in some of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, where they will remain until some new unheard-of cataclysm places them in jeopardy. Standing salt-cellar with the Tudor rose are among treasured plate to-day which are relics rescued from the melting-pot.

India Company two years later, the first joint-stock company. While, therefore, we naturally find an influx of works of the East coming steadily into this country for centuries, there was a similar stream pouring into Holland. The porcelain of China induced the Dutch potters to attempt to emulate its character, and in the early years of the seventeenth century Delft pottery came into being, and shortly afterwards rich Oriental carpets were used as table-covers in Dutch and Flemish homes.

With all the splendours of Persian carpets and Chinese silks and brilliant porcelain which have been held for centuries in England as especial heirlooms acquired in establishing the supremacy of our trade in the East, there must be reckoned national heirlooms treasured in equal manner as representing spoils brought from the East under the Dutch flag.

Nowadays the collection of old maps affords an education in illuminating the life history of our great seamen and navigators. They are being assiduously collected both here and in America, and, together with naval prints and old ship models, add a nautical touch to the auction-room. Our colonial history and the growth of new countries is exemplified by these weather-worn specimens of cartography. Quaint they are, although not often falling under Swift's disdain:—

So geographers in  
Afric maps  
With savage pictures fill their  
gaps,  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for  
want of towns.

These things in a great world of art encompass man's triumphs in the actual, the visible, and the concrete. But Sir James Frazer in his "Golden Bough," with a lifetime of scholarship, pro-

pounds the motive extending to the twilight of man as to strange marriage and funeral rites, as to the dissociation between good and evil, luck and unluck. What primitive man held we still hold. One can read of sex before sex novels, and many female novelists who preen their feathers would have sunk under the ducking stool a century ago. As to totems, those family symbols between race and race as to enmity or friendliness, these were, after all, only concomitant with the law of Moses, himself a great hierarch in the Eastern deserts.

The heritage of time cannot be gauged by physical possessions: it holds something of the spiritual; it has somewhat of the infinite. According to modern research, it is impossible to realise the possibilities of great phases of what we now term civilisation which once belonged to races forgotten. The Incas of Peru, the Assyrians, and the Egyptians, these once may have had as great an outlook as has modern man to-day.



IT is a common feature observable to-day that modern man wishes to transport himself to some remote past. Not only in England, where a new aristocracy has arisen, but in America the same spirit, multiplied by a recently acquired wealth, has dawned. It is to the past that plutocrats turn. It is as though some wonderful wizardry lay in ancestral halls to awaken the chivalry of former owners, and to people a great home with a new race.

At the moment one may turn in many directions and see a great rehabilitation proceeding with guiding restraint. Houses that have had centuries of tradition environing them have allowed this to fall into disusage. Rare gems of architecture have suffered neglect, and pictures and tapestries have gradually been sold. Under a new spirit, expenditure of no mean order is taking place, and restoration under due governance is fashioning old estates into something not unworthy of their former splendour. The rebuilding of an old home has become the sport of many a wealthy man whose fortune has been accumulated in commerce. The great galleries and faded salons are becoming again bright with colour. Furniture with rich brocades, tapestries no less valuable than those formerly there, and Old Masters indubitably hall-marked, find their places on the walls.

In spite of the ravages of time and the unnatural destruction by man of some of the finest masterpieces the world has ever known, a survey of the heirlooms of time includes wonders that will never be surpassed.

Archæological research has held a mirror to the glories of Egyptian civilisation. New studies in every branch of art discover hitherto unknown treasures. Wars and plagues and fires have been devastating in despoiling the estate of man. The Parthenon still stands, and the Acropolis figures, buried by the Athenians after the battle of Salamis, have been disinterred some two thousand three hundred and fifty years after. Rome has her Forum, and mediæval Italy has left her jewels as a heritage.

To attempt a census is to enumerate the contents of churches and abbeys, palaces and cathedrals, from Florence to Salamanca, and from Chartres to Augsburg. Illuminated manuscripts, carved ivories, bronzes, and exquisite examples of the goldsmith's work have crossed Europe and have found their way into great English collections and national museums. Travelled Englishmen of the eighteenth century brought home examples that have enriched the cabinets of generations of collectors. But English art itself offers infinite variety



THE CHARM OF CHIPPENDALE: TWO OF A SET OF EIGHT MAHOGANY CHAIRS OF A UNIQUE TYPE TO BE INCLUDED IN A FORTHCOMING SALE.

A set of eight Chippendale mahogany chairs of a unique type (two of which are seen in the above photograph) will be included in a sale at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on March 23. They belong to Captain Hector Greenfield, and were bequeathed to him by his grandfather, the late Mr. Robert Leake, M.P., of Little Missenden Abbey.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.]

In furniture, in armour, in silver, in pictures, in illuminated manuscripts and rare books, there must, outside a very conserved area, always go on a process of patient research in determining their exact whereabouts. In the rebuilding and the replenishment under modern conditions, a specialised form of collecting has taken the place of old haphazard methods of reassembling masterpieces and of apportioning them properly to new ownership in exact and harmonious surroundings. There are advisers who set out to impart information to owners as to the best markets for sale of old heirlooms; but there are other advisers more sage who have the necessary knowledge to enable the collector to add connoisseurship to his purchases.

The East India Company was granted a charter by Elizabeth "for the honour of this our realm of England, the increase of navigation, and the advancement of trade and of merchandise." This was in 1600. But it should not be forgotten that the Dutch established an East



# THE TRAGEDY OF A CANCELLED "S.O.S.": AN ITALIAN STEAMER SUNK BY A RUSSIAN SAILING-SHIP.



SIGNOR PAVON:  
THE ONLY  
SURVIVOR OF A  
CREW OF 23  
ABOARD THE  
ITALIAN STEAMER  
"ALCANTARA,"  
RAMMED AND  
SUNK IN THE  
CHANNEL BY THE  
RUSSIAN BARQUE  
"TOVARISCH."



THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE "TOVARISCH" AFTER THE COLLISION  
WITH THE "ALCANTARA" IN THE CHANNEL OFF DUNGENESS:  
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.



PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE "ALCANTARA" WASHED UP AT DUNGENESS:  
A CABIN DOOR, WITH A BRASS PLATE MARKED "ENGINEERS' QUARTERS," BEING  
BROUGHT ASHORE.



LOST, WITH ALL HANDS BUT ONE, AFTER COLLISION WITH THE "TOVARISCH":  
THE ITALIAN STEAMER "ALCANTARA" (1630 TONS), OWNED BY S. H. BISCOE AND  
E. GERACI, OF CATANIA.



THE "TOVARISCH" MAKING FOR SOUTHAMPTON AFTER THE DISASTER:  
AN AIR VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN FOUR-MASTED SAILING BARQUE THAT  
COLLIDED WITH THE "ALCANTARA" AND SANK HER.

More than twenty lives were lost as a result of the collision between the Russian cadet-training ship "Tovarisch" (a 2472-ton four-masted sailing barque) and the 1630-ton Italian steamer "Alcantara," in the Channel off Dungeness, on the evening of Friday, February 24. The "Alcantara" was struck on the starboard side by the bow of the "Tovarisch" and sank rapidly, her boilers exploding. The "Tovarisch," though badly damaged in the bows, was able to make Southampton. Out of the crew of 23 in the "Alcantara," 5 of whom were Arabs, there was only one survivor, an engineer named Pavon, who clung to a chain hanging from the bowsprit of the "Tovarisch," and was left suspended

in the air as the "Alcantara" sank beneath his feet. The Russian sailors discovered him after some time and hauled him aboard. Another man was picked up by the P. and O. liner "Moldavia," but was dead when brought aboard. Several other bodies were found lashed to lifebuoys, and much wreckage was washed ashore, including some of the "Alcantara's" boats and a cabin door with a brass plate inscribed "Engineers' Quarters." The Dungeness and Rye lifeboats went out on receipt of an S.O.S. call from the "Tovarisch," but were recalled when a later message gave the impression that no further help was needed. The captain of the "Tovarisch" afterwards make any explanatory statement.



# Fashions & Fancies

HERE IS ONE VERSION OF THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE OF FASHION—THE MORNING TAILORED SUIT, THE AFTERNOON SPORTS JUMPER, AND THE TEA-GOWN FOR OUR HOURS OF EASE, EACH INTERPRETED BY THE LATEST MODES.

broché velvet in an exquisite shade of fuchsia expresses the one on the left, and the other is carried out in flesh georgette and silver lace. The winged sleeves and flared front to the skirt are important details. In this department you can find wonderfully inexpensive affairs for tea at home, *thés dansants* abroad, and even informal dinners. A two-piece ensemble in georgette and lace, lined

An effective sleeveless cardigan and jumper to match carried out in beige stockinette striped with nigger, from Gorringes.

**The Latest Indoor Modes.** Fashion has created a particularly happy medium for tea-gowns this season. They are made simply, with less swirling draperies, so that they slip on in a second, and yet the materials are so lovely that the effect is just as decorative. One lovely model at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., is made rather like a Directoire coat, long, tight-waisted, with a rather full back dipping into a point, and huge collar and cuffs. It is carried out in green silk richly decorated with gold appliqué embroidery. Another straight gown of purple georgette boasts a combined cape and scarf trimmed with deep fringe, which can be so manipulated to change the line of the frock as often as you please. Two of the early arrivals from Paris are pictured here. Georgette



These trim suits for the spring owe their perfect tailoring to Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W. The one on the left is carried out in black worsted in a fine herring-bone, and the other in brown tweed flecked with orange.

with crêpe-de-Chine, can be secured for £5 19s. 6d., and a frock in new suède finished crêpe-de-Chine is only 78s. 6d., prettily tucked and fluted.

## Outdoor Fashions.

There is no greater authority on spring out-of-door modes than Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W., who are so famous for their specially woven materials and flawless tailoring. This year promises to be another coat-and-skirt season, and this firm are making them in many designs. The majority are quite plain, but some difference in the material or tiny detail gives them a distinction of their own. Two characteristic suits, perfectly simple, but cut with the greatest care, are pictured above. The one on the right is in a soft brown tweed faintly overchecked with orange, and the other is a fine black herring-bone worsted. Bordered tweeds are used a great deal for long, slender coats which are equally useful for town wear or on the racecourse. These borders are cleverly manipulated to form effective designs with straight lines and diagonals on the coat. Glazed leather is another innovation which this firm are using for long or short sports coats. A lovely motoring coat is in a dark red colour, and the glazed surface, besides looking extremely effective, repels moisture and keeps the colour perfect.

## Jumpers in New Designs.

Women may have a thousand different moods, but they never tire of the jumper fashion. At Gorringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., there are many attractive new jumpers at moderate

A useful jumper from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. It is in beige and bois de rose stockinette, shaded from light to dark.

prices. Pictured here, for instance, is a jumper and sleeveless cardigan to match, carried out in beige and nigger stockinette. The two complete cost 55s.; and 25s. 9d. will secure the jumper just above, which is in beige, with the stripes effectively shaded to old rose. Another jumper, costing only 25s., is in the fashionable "natural" colour, with two broad diagonals of woven jade and tinsel running across one side, springing from beneath the arm. Touches of the same colourings appear at the "V" neck, on the belt, and cuffs. A rather longer jumper for the big woman is most effectively carried out in grey artificial silk embroidered with a spot design in a darker shade. This costs 49s. 6d.; and an artificial silk and wool jumper patterned all over with spots in a contrasting colour is 30s., available in several pretty colour schemes.



Beautiful colourings express this simple rest gown in fuchsia georgette broché velvet allied with plain georgette. It may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's.



A charming tea-gown in flesh-pink georgette and silver lace from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. The skirt is full and fluted in front in the new manner.





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houseproud,  
~and had good reason to be*

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## WITCHCRAFT IN THE WESTERN BALKANS.

(Continued from Page 348.)

returned and discovered their disobedience, he fell into a royal rage, killed his sisters, cut them up, and boiled them. Then, crushing their bones into powder, he blew their dust into the air, where it creates whirlwinds to this day. To protect himself against them, a Macedonian may remind the sisters that "Alexander the Great is still alive, he and his horse, and his sword, too." Or he may appeal to their sweet tooth and repeat thrice: "Honey and milk, honey and milk, honey and milk."

Danger comes to human life constantly from disease, and especially from the evil eye, that mysterious power to which Balkan peoples attribute four-fifths of their ailments. They try to stave off its attacks by hanging amulets on themselves and their children. The most familiar of such amulets are blue beads, cowrie shells, and texts written from the Bible or the Koran. If, amulets notwithstanding, the evil eye strikes someone, recourse is had to a witch doctor. Muttering a spell that is a jumble of paganism and Christianity, the doctor casts salt into the fire, or drops red-hot coals into water. As the salt crackles in the fire, or the coals hiss in the water, the evil eye explodes and the patient is cured.

Written spells are believed to heal as well as to prevent sickness. An old Turkish woman once compelled the author to write a charm to stop her grandson from crying—as well he might, for clumsy handling had dislocated his leg at the hip. The author wrote the words, "Mighty is Faith" in large letters on a slip of paper from her notebook. The old woman accepted the paper gratefully, wrapped it reverently in waterproof cloth, and, sure that it would hush his cries, hung it on the baby's neck. Sad nonsense, one may say. Yet, at its best, this nonsense is as useful to these doctorless men and women as M. Coué's doctrines are to us. And, at its worst, it is no worse than the sorceries for which harmless women and girls were ducked and drowned in the good old days of Merrie England.

We much regret that, under a photograph in our last issue showing General Duncan at Shanghai taking leave of troops, some of whom were wearing kilts, we inadvertently repeated the photographer's incorrect statement that the troops shown were the Scots Guards. In pointing out the error, a correspondent mentions that only the pipers of the Scots Guards wear kilts, and that the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards is not stationed at Shanghai, but at Hong Kong.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY OPERA AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN the good days of the seventeenth century, poets and musicians were not so much the victims of convention—of artistic conventions—or of theories as they are to-day. There was less talk about "form" and more consideration given to providing a delightful entertainment to the public. And when Cambridge University performed at the New Theatre for the week of Feb. 14-18 this year Dryden and Purcell's almost forgotten "dramatick" opera, "King Arthur; or, The British Worthy," a large and enthusiastic audience each evening was still able to enjoy the work as its authors intended.

Nevertheless, in Grove's Dictionary of Music, this "dramatick opera" is described as a "hybrid," and Purcell is commiserated with for having had to compose music to such a piece rather than having the opportunity to compose true or real opera. The writer of the article had, unfortunately, never witnessed a performance of "King Arthur," for the last revival of this piece was in 1827 at the English Opera House, when it was given with additional music from Purcell's "Indian Queen" and "Dido and Æneas." It is true that Macready gave a performance of "King Arthur" at Drury Lane in 1842; but on this occasion a large amount of other music was interpolated, and the attention of the producer was concentrated on the spectacle rather than on the drama or the music. Mrs. Siddons appeared as Emmeline in "King Arthur" in 1803, and in 1784 Kemble played Arthur, and music was added by Linley. Previous to this it had been revived by Garrick in 1770, and an earlier revival took place in 1736.

It will be seen that "King Arthur" held its place on the stage from its first performance at the Dorset Garden Theatre in December 1691, right on until the nineteenth century; so that we must concede that Dryden and Purcell knew their business as public entertainers, whatever the purists may say. It is doubtful, however, whether there has ever been a production since the original performance in 1691 which was so closely in accordance with the authors' designs as the recent one at Cambridge. We owe this revival to a special committee consisting of the Cambridge Professor of Music, Edward J. Dent, Dr. Rootham, of St. John's College—who conducted the orchestra at most of the performances—

Mr. Denis Arundell, who produced the opera, and a few other Cambridge gentlemen. For this production no fewer than two seventeenth-century, four early eighteenth-century, seven late eighteenth-century, and fourteen fragmentary eighteenth-century manuscripts have been collated, and the result was that we were given Purcell's music probably as accurately as it ever can be given, unless the lost original manuscript score should one day turn up, as the lost score of "The Fairy Queen" was found—after being lost for two hundred years—in the library of the Royal Academy of Music, in London.

The collaboration of a good poet and a good musician is excessively rare; and one of the arguments against the purist who clamours for "perfect" opera instead of "dramatick" opera is that it is impossible to get a good poet to write a libretto for opera pure and simple. If the musician is going to set to music every word of the libretto, then the words as words lose all their poetic value, and the poet as dramatist has no demand made upon his powers at all, for all the dramatic life is given to the work by the music. It is interesting to have Dryden's own words on this point. Dryden wrote in the epistle dedicatory to "King Arthur" as follows—

"I have been oblig'd so much to alter the first Design . . . that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after so much taking down, and altering, to the Vessel it was at the first Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Musick; which has since arriv'd to a greater Perfection in England than ever formerly; especially passing through the Artful Hands of Mr. *Purcell*, who has Compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick, are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verses and make them suggest to the Reader that they might be harmonious to the Hearer: Of which I have no Reason to repent me, because these sorts of Entertainment are principally design'd for the Ear and the Eye: and, therefore, in Reason my Art, on this occasion, ought to be subservient to his. And besides I flatter myself with an Imagination, that a Judicious Audience will easily distinguish betwixt the Songs wherein I have comply'd with him, and those in which I have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words."

[Continued overleaf]



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(Continued.)

Actually Dryden did his part of the business very well indeed, for he succeeded in combining a love story between King Arthur and the blind daughter, Emmeline, of the Duke of Cornwall; a conflict between Arthur, King of the Britons and Oswald, Saxon King of Kent; and, thirdly, a series of supernatural scenes in which Merlin, the magician of King Arthur, and Osmund, the magician of King Oswald, are rivals. By this means he gets sentiment, action, and spectacle skilfully blended, and he offers many opportunities to the musician, which Purcell took full advantage of. For my part, I confess that I very much like this "dramatick opera" form. I get bored with the musical padding of most operas. It stands to reason that if a composer has to set to music every word of a libretto, he must write a great deal of musical padding to fill in the narrative and explanatory parts, unless he is going to abandon frankly any attempt to get a coherent, intelligible libretto, and will rely wholly upon his music alone.

It is far more natural, and I would contend that it results in a far more attractive and pleasing work, when poet and musician combine, and the dramatist uses words where words are most fitting, and the musician steps in with music when music seems to be demanded for the full expression of the situation. Therefore, I should like to see Dryden and Purcell's "King Arthur" taken as a model by English writers and musicians, instead of their slavishly following the Wagnerian or the modern Italian models.

The bulk of Dryden's text is in blank verse, and a number of scenes are without any music; but when Dryden writes lyrics, then Purcell usually sets them to music, for which Dryden intended them. After a battle scene, for example, between the Britons and the Saxons, Dryden writes a song of triumph in lyrical form. This Purcell sets to music, and it is the famous "Come, if you dare" of which the first verse is as follows—

Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound;  
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound.  
We come, we come, we come, we come,  
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thun-  
dering Drum.

Purcell's magnificent music to this is well known. There are many delightful choruses in the work, and I think that these musical portions obtain a heightened effect from their prose setting. One of Purcell's

most beautiful songs is in the concluding masque, when the isle of Britannia rises from the sea, and there is a mythological pageant, during which Venus sings—

Fairest Isle, all Isles Excelling,  
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;  
Venus, here, will chuse her Dwelling  
And forsake her Cyprian Groves.

Now I am sure that Purcell would not have been so inspired to write that song if he had not had before him the words of a great poet. The collaboration of the poet and the musician can give to the theatre far more than any other collaboration, and one had only to witness the enthusiasm of the crowded audiences at the New Theatre, Cambridge, to be certain of the attractiveness of the result.

The whole production, including cast and orchestra, was undertaken by undergraduates and residents of Cambridge, and it was a triumph for all concerned. In such a production as this we have the real fruit of scholarship and academic learning, and the University of Cambridge is to be congratulated on its having among its members such enterprising and energetic spirits. We Londoners are getting into the habit of expecting all our most intense musical pleasures to come from Cambridge and Oxford, although it must be admitted that Cambridge is leading at present. But we now wait to see what surprise Sir Hugh Allen and Oxford musical enthusiasts have in store for us. W. J. TURNER.

### THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 340)

films are all admirably cast because particular attention is paid to types, and that all studios possess a register in which is entered a list of the people available to fill each and any kind of part, from a High Court judge to a broken-down bookie. It is Mr. Hill's ambition to see our English films cast as carefully as the American productions, an ambition which all of us who believe in the future of the kinema must heartily applaud. The camera is ruthless, and the brain behind the camera is forced to be ruthless too. That is one of the several points where the stage and the screen diverge. A young actor may make-up to look like an old cabby, for instance, and the illusion may be complete. The camera penetrates such camouflage. Type-casting, which seems in itself a denial of the artist's power of versatility, and of his capacity to create, is, unfortunately,

one of the kinema's sternest demands. It is only the "stars" of the screen who are fitted with parts to suit their personalities; but around them revolves a host of lesser lights whose foremost function it is—and must be, alas!—to "look their parts," if the whole production is to carry the impress of truth. That register of "types," drawn from the world's many walks of life, may seem written in golden letters of promise, but its pages are interleaved with disappointment.

### "LADY MARY," AT DALY'S.

WHO said English musical comedy was dead—killed by American importations? Here it is bobbing up again in the shape of as bright and merry and gracious a show as we had in the old days when Seymour Hicks or "Teddy" Payne led the revels at the Gaiety, and George Grossmith was their mercurial coadjutor. George Grossmith, indeed, is one of the "stars" in the cast of "Lady Mary" and, still retaining, in defiance of years, that marvellous agility of his, does much towards ensuring the success of the new piece. He heads an all-British company; two English comedy writers of parts—Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Mr. Hastings Turner—supply the right sort of story about an heiress's search in Australia for a missing peer who will, if found, take over her fortune; and in the score of Mr. Albert Sirmay we get music which, while not averse from an occasional touch of jazz, contains melodies that have charm and sometimes real cleverness. The chorus—English also—provides, under Jack Hulbert's training, wonders in the way of mass dancing that America could not better for precision. What need, then, is there of further praise—this is an entertainment that no one should miss. Mr. Grossmith has the part of a lifetime, as a *parvenu* millionaire with a passion for "Debrett," and his song at the telephone with chorus accompaniment is one of the chief hits of the evening. Miss Vera Bryer and Mr. Herbert Mundin have some capital dancing and comic turns together, and are sure to be popular favourites. Miss Helen Gilliland is given songs worthy of her Sullivan-esque associations. Mr. Paul Cavanagh acts agreeably in the trying rôle, of the ranching peer. And the authors have not left the comedians to invent the humour of their rôles. "Lady Mary" then, is in for the run, although home-made.



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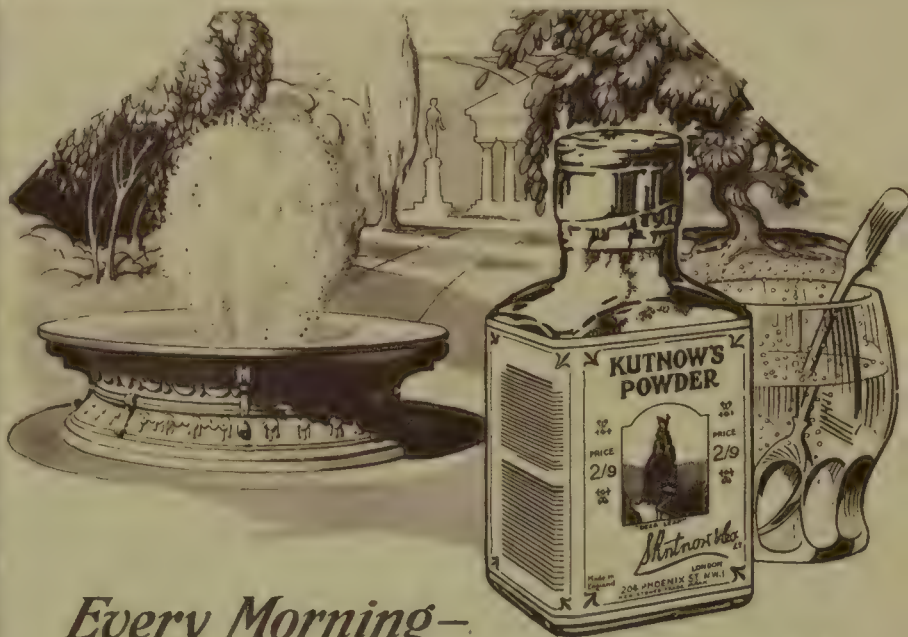
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

### DANGEROUS DRIVING.

THAT wonderful first fine week-end we had towards the end of last month, when we got, I think, the second look at the sun since about last October, had the usual effect on the main roads, crowding them very uncomfortably. There is nothing a motor correspondent can write more certain of getting furiously abused than a criticism of the general standard of driving on the part of those new to the King's highway; but it is useless to pretend that the average of driving to-day is good, just as it would be absurd to expect it to be with, as the Ministry of Transport informs us, thousands of cars being registered for the first time every month. Jeremiads and gloomy prophecies are deservedly unpopular, and I have no intention of giving way to either, but it seems to me that those of us who can only have our roadside leisure during the week-ends would be well advised to remember how very wildly and dangerously some people do drive.

During that famous fine week-end I saw on over two hundred miles of road in Sussex and Surrey some of the most appalling examples of what can only be called criminal ignorance and carelessness on the part of drivers who look, at all events, as though they ought to have known better. Cutting in at high speeds, overtaking on very narrow, winding, and blind roads, cutting across main roads from unobtrusive side roads, absence of signalling, absence of

consideration—all these old crimes and many more were exemplified on that marvellous spring day. As the year grows older and the roads pleasanter this will go on and, I suppose, increase, and the main thing for the reasonable driver to do is to remember the most important rule of road conduct—"The other

fellow is certain to do something idiotic and dangerous. Be prepared for it."

In spite of all this, however, I do not see why we should really look forward to having our motoring spoilt for us, as so many people seem to do. England has thousands of miles of roads besides her main high-

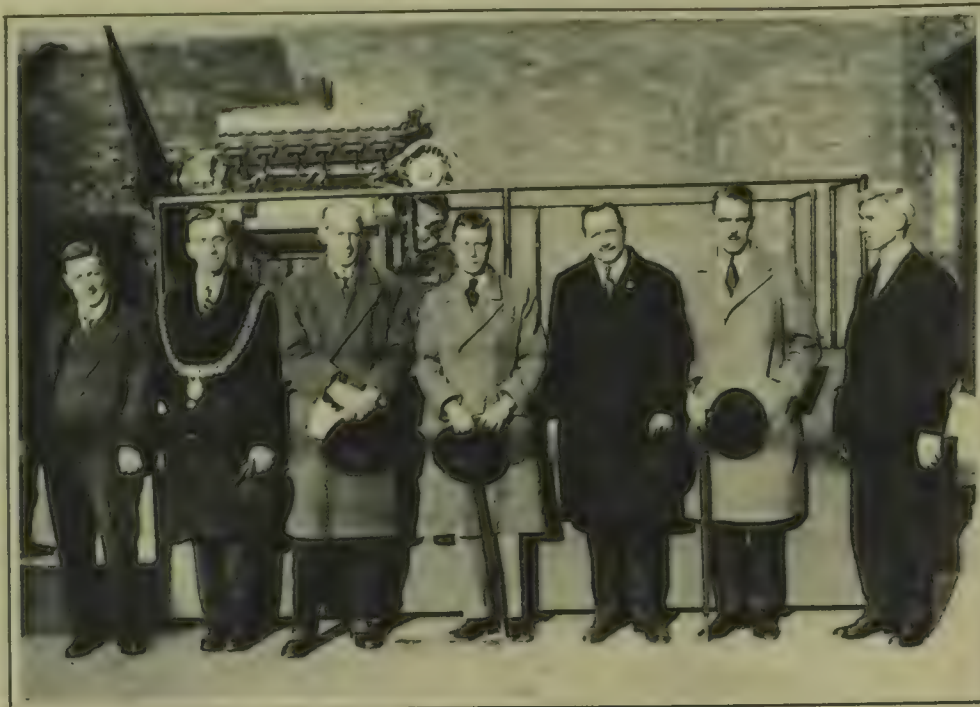
ways, and a mile of one of those side roads is worth fifty of any of the cemented speed-tracks which, however useful they may be, form such a blot on the country. Stick to these old ways as much as possible; carry a driving mirror which gives you a proper view of the road behind and not a distorted glimpse of the offside hedge; read again the excellent advice given in "Road Sense," published by the National Safety First Association—and you will find that motoring is still one of the great joys of life.

### THE NEW 9-H.P. STANDARD.

In the new 9-h.p. four-cylinder Standard, motorists of some years' standing will recognise an old friend. One of the most successful small cars turned out at the time when the type was becoming fashionable (I remember petrol costing nearly 10s. a tin during the blackest portion of that period) was the 8'9-h.p. Standard, and numbers of the original series are still to be seen about on the roads doing their job as well as ever. Many people wondered, indeed, in view of the undeniable success of this model, why it was ever dropped.

The 1928 edition has an engine with a cubic content of a little over a litre, the bore and stroke being 60 by 102. Lateral valves are fitted instead of the overhead with which most Standard cars

[Continued overleaf.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE "PRINCE" OF CARS: H.R.H. (CENTRE) VISITING THE ROLLS-ROYCE WORKS AT DERBY.

The Prince of Wales, who for many years has possessed and used Rolls-Royce cars, visited the works at Derby on February 21, and expressed the greatest interest in the many unique manufacturing and testing processes which he witnessed. The figures in the photograph are (from left to right), Mr. H. Wormald, O.B.E. (General Works Manager, Rolls-Royce, Ltd.), the Mayor of Derby; Mr. Basil Johnson (Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd.), H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Lieut.-Col. Lord Herbert Scott (Director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd.), the Hon. Bruce Ogilvie (Equerry to the Prince), and Mr. A. J. Rowledge (Assistant Chief Engineer of Rolls-Royce, Ltd.). The aero-engine in the background was recently designed by Mr. F. Henry Royce to fulfil special requirements of the Royal Air Force. It has many new features of the utmost secrecy. The external dimensions have been reduced to present the smallest possible air-resistance, thus materially increasing the speed, and this engine is expected to revolutionise many results obtained both in aeroplanes and flying-boats.

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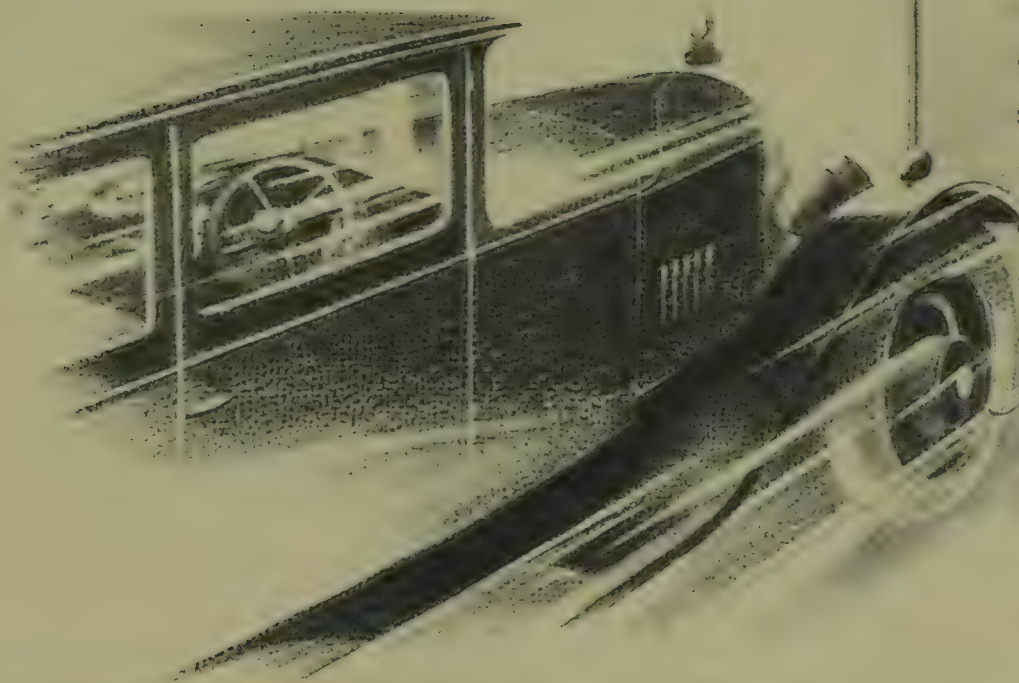
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*Continued.* have been turned out for some years, and the whole unit is a distinctly neat job. The business end of the magneto is rather too close to the dashboard for real accessibility; but when you are arranging an engine of these tiny dimensions I have no doubt it is difficult to find room for things. The magneto and dynamo are on the near side of the engine, and the carburetter and engine-starter on the off side. The connecting-rods are of duralumin, and the pistons of aluminium. Cooling is by thermo-siphon with a fan.

A centrally controlled, three-speed gear-box of the usual unit design takes the power by a disc clutch to the back axle which has an underslung worm-drive. The brake lay-out consists of the usual internal expanding sets on the four wheels, 10-in. drums being used, the pedal and lever both operating all four together. The springs are semi-elliptic, and good-sized balloon tyres are fitted. The wheel-base is 7 ft. 8 in., and the track 3 ft. 9 in., the over-all length being approximately 11 ft.

The model I tried was the "Stanlite" fabric saloon with a folding roof. Considering that the price is only £215 for the complete car, I thought this small carriage rather remarkable. It takes no more time and costs you no more trouble to fold the roof back than it would to drop the hood of an ordinary touring car, and both opening and closing can be done without having to

leave the car. There is naturally not much luxury about the interior of the body-work, but on the whole there is a reasonable degree of comfort. There is more room than you would expect, and as the front

equipment that struck me as particularly good was the instruments on the dash, a really good class speed-indicator and clock being fitted. A luggage-grid is included, and a driving mirror. This latter essential, oddly enough, is more often found in the cheapest than in the dearest classes of cars.

There is any amount of life in this new Standard, as may be judged by the fact that the saloon can be really comfortably driven at a steady forty-five miles an hour on a decent road. I believe that something rather better than fifty can be reached in favourable circumstances; and I know, because I tried, that at forty-eight miles an hour the engine, if not particularly quiet, does not seem to be anywhere near its maximum or to be making an undue effort. The gear ratios are: 5 to 1 on top; 9.3 to 1 on second; and 20 to 1 on first—and struck me as being very well spaced. The little car climbs well, and gets away from slow speeds in a decidedly attractive manner. The gears themselves run quietly and are easily engaged. The clutch of the car I tried was by no means in good condition, being much too fierce, but that, I imagine, can be corrected. The springing is excellent, but I did not think the brakes were powerful enough for the possible speed

of the car. A surprisingly lively small car which gives one the impression of being likely to stand up to hard work for a long time.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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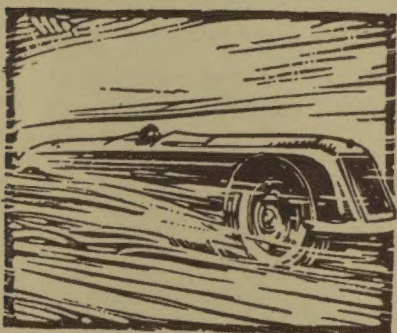
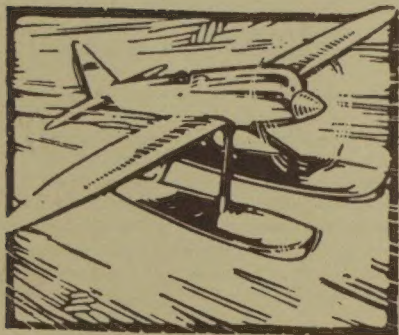
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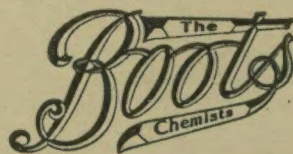


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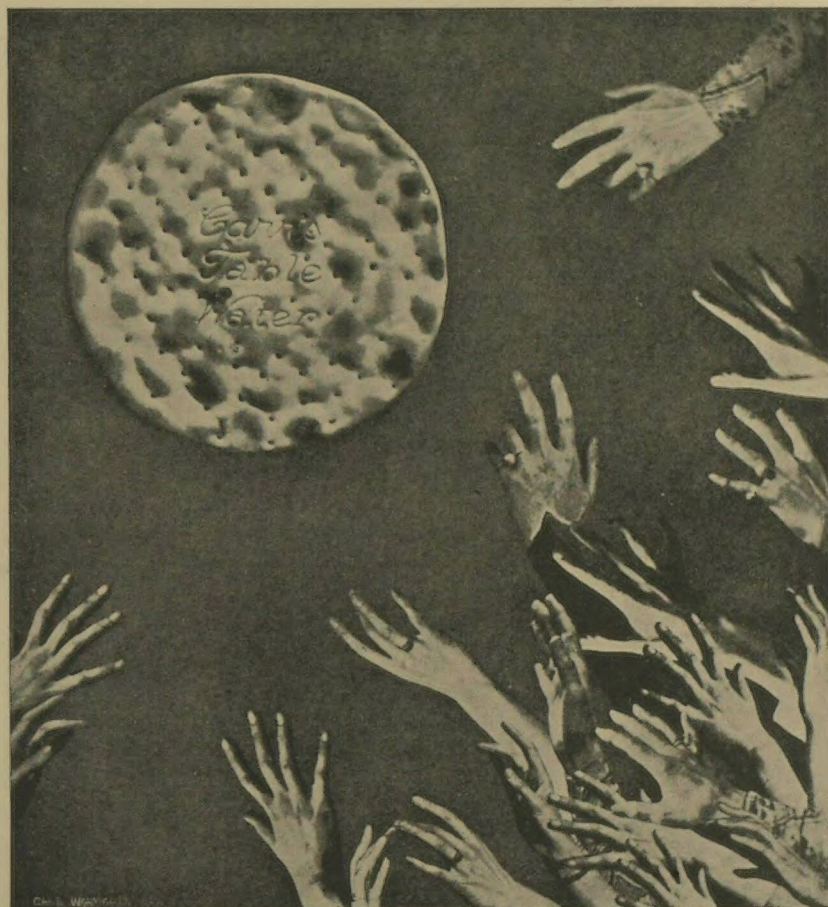
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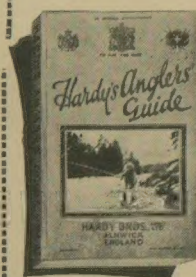


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